

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 12, 1973

60 CENTS

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Next week

ON THE TREADMILL again go college basketball's best, as they seek the pleasure of meeting UCLA in the NCAA showdown. Curry Kirkpatrick assesses who will get furthest.

PRESSURE on Jim Simons and 80 other aspiring golfers was intense as they played 166 holes for the right to try the pro tour. Simons tells of the week his future was at stake.

CONFLICT AT SEA among anglers aboard the Qualifier 105 is resolved when a 12-ton catch off Socorro Island south of Baja California gives 26 men a weary peace.

“Continental Bank understands the meaning of expansion the way a growth-minded businessman wants it understood”

“I like to do business on a person to person level. I want to be able to communicate with the person across the desk from me. There's a reserve among bankers. I'm not saying it's wrong, but for me personally, I want to do business with somebody who is sensitive to my needs and is interested in what I want to accomplish.

“I found that kind of banker when I met Phil Lewin, and once again later when I met Fred Florjancic, both of Continental Bank's Commercial Banking Department. It's unusual to meet a banker who talks with you just like one businessman to another.” The speaker: Stanley Nathanson, President, Republic Lumber Company.

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‘expansion’ the way a growth-minded businessman wants it understood. Then I'd tell him to pick Continental Bank.”

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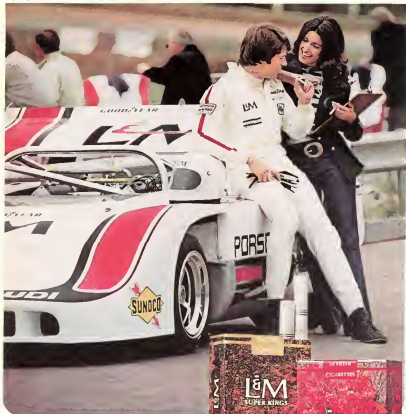


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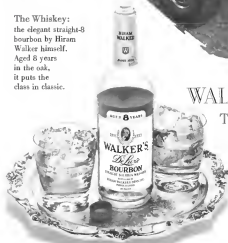
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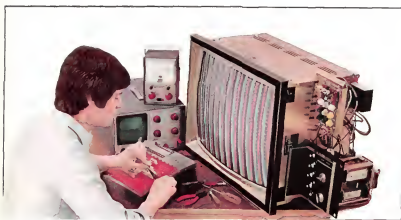
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREANER

THE NEW AMERICAN WAY

The troubles the press has from time to time with various athletics or teams is usually of only parochial interest, something to be reported and commented on in *Editor and Publisher* or (*MORE*), journals read almost exclusively by journalists. But a contretemps that occurred recently at the National Indoor Open Tennis Championships in Salisbury, Md. seems worthy of somewhat wider report.

The room usually reserved for reporters was not available, and a press section was set up in the front rows of the grandstand. Several reporters facing deadlines were typing their stories during play, and the clacking of typewriter keys upset the sacrosanct silence usually observed during tennis matches. One of the competitors asked that the typing stop or else be done only between points. Fans around the press section picked up the request and began shouting at the reporters, particularly Mark Asher of the *Washington Post*, who was still typing his copy. According to tournament director Bill Riordan, "The players asked Asher to stop typing, that he was bothering them. Then the crowd got on him. I've never seen anything like that—several hundred fans screaming, pointing fingers at him."

Asher said, "If I can't type on deadline during a match, there's no sense in my paper sending me to cover it. I called the tournament office twice and they said go on typing, that they would send a message to the players telling them I couldn't stop." Finally, a fan came into the press section, grabbed Asher's typewriter and tried to carry it away. "I don't know who he was," Asher said. "He was a skinny, well-dressed executive type. I asked Riordan to have him arrested. Riordan said, 'Sorry, we gave you your chance to stop typing.' Then he had me thrown out."

Riordan said, "I suggested that Mark leave. I told him he was creating a disturbance and asked a policeman to es-

cort him out. There's a point when the press has a responsibility to the public, and Mark went well beyond that point. If you're on the scene and the crowd is noising, public opinion takes over. That's the American way."

WHISTLE GAP

The new foul rule in high school and college basketball, which was designed to speed play by reducing the number of free-throw attempts, reached an apogee in a game in Rockville, Md. between Rockville and Paint Branch high schools. Over the previous five seasons, Rockville High and its opponents had an average of 37 free throws a game. But in the Paint Branch game, which Rockville won 60-44, there were none. None at all. No player was fouled in the act of shooting and neither team committed enough non-shooting fouls to create a bonus free-throw situation.

No one around Rockville could remember a basketball game in which not a single free throw was attempted. It was kind of fun. The game, starting promptly at 8 p.m., was lively all the way through and was over by three minutes to nine. But no free throws? What's the world coming to?

GOTTA HAVE HEART

A 4-year-old mare named Pretty Daffidel (no one ever claimed people around racetracks know how to spell) looked rather dismal as she finished last in a race at Charles Town recently, but the next day she produced a pretty good excuse. She gave birth to a colt. "It was a complete surprise to me," said Trainer Howard (Buck) Townsley. "I came out at the usual feeding time and there it was. I thought it was a dog in the stall. He was curled up in a corner, not moving a muscle." Townsley said the sire was Watch Tiger, a 7-year-old stallion. Owner Carlos McDaniel bought at the same time he bought Pretty Daffidel. "We had no idea she was in foal,"

Townsley added. "We assumed they were both ready for racing."

The incident recalls a story told years ago by Joe H. Palmer, the renowned racing writer. Some trainers were talking about courageous horses and one mentioned a mare he had once owned who passed in the backstretch, gave birth to a foal, resumed racing, caught up to the field and won going away. "And talk about heart," the man said, "her foal finished second."

LONG DRAW

The junior varsity basketball teams of Washburn University in Topeka, Kans. and Fort Hays State of Hays, Kans. have played each other twice this year and still are unable to determine which is better. The first time they met, the teams had to finish their game by seven o'clock so that a scheduled telecast of the varsity game could start on time. The jayvee game ended with the score 75-75. Everyone assumed the issue would be settled when the schools met again in February. But again there was a television commitment, again the jayvees had to be off the court by seven o'clock, and again, even after an overtime period that they managed to squeeze in, the score was tied 90-90. Wait till next year.

AGAIN THE GOVERNMENT

In Oregon, 4,961 students at Portland State University responded to an inquiry on how the money they paid in student fees should be spent. Despite a budding athletic program, 57% said they wanted less or no funding of football; 44% opposed student-fee money being used for basketball; 41% were anti-wrestling. But less you think Portland State students are simply anti-sport, know that 45% opposed funding student government, 20% did not want their money going to academic activities and 16% were against using it for child care. Portland State students, apparently, don't like paying student fees.

THE SHOE FITS

Jack Eskridge, retiring equipment manager of the Dallas Cowboys, leaves behind two noteworthy comments on football shoes. "When I came here in 1960," he said, "the average football shoe was about 9½ or 10. Now it's more like 12½. And not only are shoes bigger, there

continued

are more of them. A player used to have maybe one pair. Not any more. It's become a matter of prestige to see how many pairs you can pile up in your locker. Of course, when your team is successful the manufacturers are always gifting the players with samples."

On shoes best suited for artificial surfaces, he said, "After we moved to Texas Stadium in 1971 we had trouble with the footing on the new Tartan Turf when it was wet. We tested some shoes and finally took a nylon cleat with a stainless-steel tip. We found looking at films that our players had 35° to 40° better traction than visiting teams did. Our players had much better footing."

Football, obviously, is still a game of feet.

GRISLY BEARS

An iconoclast, anti-hunting resident of Maine wrote to newspaper columnist Gene Letourneau about the drive to control deer-killing coyotes: "I must con-

ing, such as being in the woods on a fall day, the comradeship of fellow hunters and the thrill of matching wits with a wild animal. Some will say hunting is good for the economy of the state.

"Well, I believe I have devised a plan that will allow hunters to enjoy their hunting without having to destroy either coyotes or deer. I propose that instead of going after deer, the hunters stalk each other. Instead of live ammunition, they would be provided with rubber bullets that might sting a little but not kill. Each hunter would keep count of how many of his fellows he bagged. There would be no limit. At the end of the season the hunter who has the most would be awarded a trophy acclaiming him Hunter of the Year. Nature would work out a proper balance between deer and coyotes, and the whole thing would prove a boon to the state's economy. The publicity alone would be worth almost as much as is now brought in by the hunting season, and this is not even considering the television rights."

YET ANOTHER CHALLENGE

Protests go on that the Superstar decathlon in Florida (St. March 5) was an inadequate test of an inadequate field, and Jim Palmer, the Baltimore Oriole pitcher, leads the chorus. Palmer, three times a 20-game winner, is one of the best all-round athletes in baseball. He won seven games last year with his own hitting, is probably the best basketball player on the Orioles' off-season court team, is always near the top in baseball players' golf tournaments and was an all-state football, basketball, and baseball player in high school. "I would have put up \$5,000 just to be allowed to compete," he says. Palmer says his remarks could be considered a challenge "from me and 100 other guys I could name," although the hundred diminishes to four or five when Palmer is pressed to name them. He picks John Havlicek for one. "He was a good baseball player, was seventh-round NFL draft choice and can run faster than Elvin Hayes, who won the Superstar dash." And Jim Brown. "Great all-round athlete. Good tennis player, All-America lacrosse player in college." And the Dodgers' Willie Davis. "A five- or six-handicap golfer, and fast. He'd win the dash if Havlicek didn't." And Merv Rettenmund. "I've seen him lift more than 170 pounds.

He's better at tennis than I am and he might beat Laver in table tennis."

And Jim Palmer? Unabashed, the Oriole star says of golf, which was won in the Superstar contest with a score of 41 for nine holes: "I could handle that. I regularly shoot 38, 39." Bowling, with 131? "In my first game in 10 years, at a benefit in Atlanta, I had a 191." The 100-yard dash, won in 11.5? "I ran 10-flat in high school in baseball shoes." Tennis: "It's impossible to determine the caliber of play from scores, but I know I'm better than Johnny Bench." Half-mile run: "I used to run the 440 in the 50s. It's a matter of conditioning. I'm in good condition." The 100-meter swim, won in 1:18.2? "I've never been timed, but I'm probably faster than that. I used to win everything as a kid." Table tennis, won by Rod Laver? "I'd like to go head-to-head with Laver. I played in a lot of Los Angeles County tournaments, and when I was an Oriole minor-leaguer I was the champion of Thomasville, Ga. I mean, what else is there to do in Thomasville?"

Palmer says he would pass on weight lifting but, even so, by his reckoning he and not Seagren would have walked off with the winner's share of the \$122,000 prize money.

THEY SAID IT

- Dwayne Roe, assistant basketball coach at Oral Roberts University, asked what he said when he realized the man helping him break up a fight in the ORU-Southwestern Louisiana game was evangelist Oral Roberts: "'Mr. Roberts, I'm afraid you might get hurt if you don't leave.' At least, I hope that's what I said."

- Al Fleming, Arizona's freshman center, after the Wildcats beat Utah in triple overtime (101-95): "I'm too old for games like that."

- Anne, equestrienne princess of the United Kingdom, to the persistent press, as quoted by London's *Daily Mail*: "The horse I'm riding today is the same one I was riding on Monday. His name is Columbus, and he's a grey. He belongs to the Queen—got that? I read in the papers I had been riding a horse called Red Passion. No horse of that name is stabled here. You're getting on my goat. Horses are very sensitive. They're not like humans. They don't understand what all the fuss is about."

END



less I am unable to understand why a human has more right to kill a deer than does a coyote. It seems to me a coyote who kills to survive is more than a hunter who kills for pleasure.

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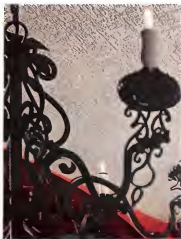
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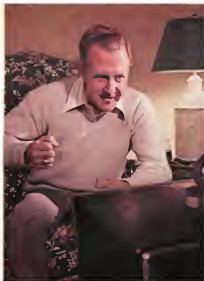
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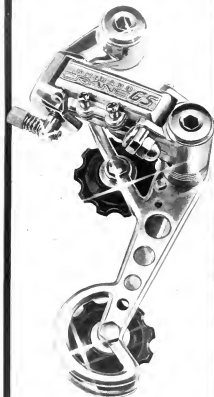
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SAILING UP A SQUALL

Ugly little 'Cascade' infuriated ocean-racing purists on the Southern circuit with her strange, gawky rig and low handicap, but what smarted most was her smashing victory in the Miami-to-Nassau classic **by HUGH D. WHALL**

As the band played, the small, select crowd flowed from bar to bar around a Miami Beach swimming pool in a swirl of color, the sailors trousered in Breton red and blazered in blue, their wives jauntily correct in modish sportswear. Between sips these models of nautical chic cast sulky glances at a wispy-haired figure drifting amiably about. He was Professor Jerry Milgram of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he was getting the acid eyeball not because he wore a too-tight green sweater over threadbare brown pants above black Navy-issue shoes with floppy laces. Milgram was guilty of a crime more heinous than contempt of clothes. He had designed the ugliest ocean racer in sailing memory, *Cascade* by name, and—chuckling fendishly in his lab, no doubt—with such cunning that she had been granted a whacking great advantage over conventional boats her size. At this point Professor Milgram had already greened the assemblage two ego bruises, and was about to deliver a third.

When the swans of the sea spread their lovely wings in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the winner's outstanding competition for people who take sailboats offshore, uppity little *Cascade* swam along. At first she was easy to snoot. She did not do exceptionally well in the opening St. Petersburg-to-Venice race and then, although she ill-used strong, she blew the St. Pete-to-Fort Lauderdale haul by missing a course marker. With four races to go she lay 27th in a fleet of 125 boats.

And who cared. Ah, but then, but then. *Cascade* won the Miami-to-Luca-ya race. A rattle at the hat. *Cascade* won the Lapon Cup off Miami. The cocktail-party smiles began to freeze.

And then early last week *Cascade* captured the classic Miami-to-Nassau race, the SORC's premier event. The smiles were frozen stiff. By Friday's concluding race of the SORC season, the Nassau Cup, *Cascade's* crew knew its own party was over; there were not enough points available in that brief thrash to overcome the dreadful Fort Lauderdale error, which had brought a time penalty of three hours five minutes. But for that, however, *Cascade* might have been the overall SORC winner from here to Hans Christian Andersen. And win or lose, she left traditionalists with the same sinking sensation that Indianapolis 500 car owners had a few years ago when the turbine came calling.

Cascade did do one nice thing for the SORC. By not winning in a romp as she could have, she permitted a couple of boats named *Mahegona* and *Lighthouse* to race to a stimulating photo finish. As the 31-mile Nassau Cup began, *Mahegona* was ever so slightly ahead. A Ranger 37 whose name is Spanish for little baby doll, she was skippered by Click Schreck of New Orleans, a former Olympic sailor, and crewed by as aggressive a team as the circuit could claim. Among those aboard were John Dune, the former Tulane collegiate sailing champion, and boat dealer O.J. Young, who had sweet-talked a big paint and varnish man named Jack Valley into buying *Mahegona*. Their conversation had gone something like this:

Valley: I want a boat that will win the Southern circuit.

Young: Got just the one for you. New Gary Mull design. Not big, but classy. I can't guarantee the circuit, but Class D is yours, believe me.

Valley: Guaranteed?

Young: Absolutely. I'll get you the boat, the crew and the sails. All you have to do is pay the bills.

And the bills came to not much more than \$50,000—bargain-basement these days.

Valley got his money's worth in boat, crew and sails. One black and squally night during the Lauderdale race, when others were playing it prudent, *Mahegona* busted along partly on her hull, partly on her spreaders. She was horizontal so often a New York judge might have found her without redeeming social value. At times the wind piped up to 60 mph. Quit racing? Nevah. "We'd go up a wave and throw a reef on, then go down and shake it out," said crewman By Baldridge afterward. *Mahegona* won Class D that race. She won Class D every race.

If *Lighthouse*, a Class E 38-footer from the board of Sparkman & Stephens, was going to strike *Mahegona* it would be loosed by Skipper Ted Turner. Turner, the owner of an Atlanta television station, had twice captured the SORC, most recently in 1970 with the former America's Cup contender, *American Eagle*. When he won the windy Sydney-to-Hobart race with the 67-foot *Eagle* last December, he said, "This is the last picture show." What he meant was big boats of her vintage (1964) were becoming obsolete, new trends in design, new wrinkles in the rules were consigning the immediate future to smallish craft like *Lighthouse*.

Turner is a paradoxical individual who "loves turmoil," as he puts it, but also

continued

Casting a long shadow, 'Cascade' sets sail on triumphant nose-thumbing Nassau jaunt.



is a perfectionist about the details of sailing. If he believes he can get an additional hundredth of a knot out of a boat by trimming the mainsheet an inch, he will have that inch. He enforces his wishes with clearly enunciated bellows. Just leaving the dock with Turner can be a vocal adventure. Sailing with him in a gale exposes one to a voice of near-Biblical fury.

Throughout the SORC, Turner had a "secret weapon" in his sail locker—and often up and pulling. This was a superlightweight Ducon spinnaker by Ted Hood that enabled Turner to overtake ostensibly faster boats as if he was reeling them in. Said Waller Greene of *Cascade's* crew, forgetting for a moment his own boat's radical configuration: "That sail is the most significant thing on the circuit."

But it was not significant enough to catch *Muñequita* in the finale. "What kind of a boat is that, a camper?" yelled a rival skipper as *Muñequita* put out from harbor. "Nope," John Dane shouted back, "it's a converted PT boat." Her own virgin-white spinnaker was taut and straining as *Muñequita* surfed across the finish line for her sixth straight class victory—and the SORC championship of 1973 with a score of 2,233.250 points. Second by a mere 8,250 points was *Luykma*, third by another 44,500 points was Ted Hood's Class E *Robin*.

But not even a finish so fine could distract SORC men for long from their preoccupation with *Cascade*. Rival sailors might not have liked the cut of Jerry Milgram's jib, but they could not say the same about his boat's. It has none. With winches the size of teacups and sails the size of handkerchiefs, manned (performed, sorry) by a coed crew including Eleanor Swett, the sister of Designer Britton Chance and a lifelong sailor, *Cascade* just kept pouring it on until the Nassau Cup. The weather had most boats on their lee rails, but *Cascade* fell into a hole in the wind and was soundly thrashed. Even so, she finished fifth overall for the entire SORC.

At 34 Milgram is an associate professor of ocean engineering at MIT. He got the inspiration for *Cascade's* so-called cat-ketch rig (cat for catboat, the familiar jibless craft whose mast is far forward; ketch for the two-mast arrangement) not from the university's computers, as one might expect, but from a number of sources, including a



Said as a certain winner in her class, "Muñequita" did much better—total victory.

19th century Block Island fishing boat.

Establishment sailors, who were beginning to call her Milgram's Baby, as in Rosemary's Baby, did not see the yellow eyes and cloven hooves in the boat's ugliness so much as in the fact that she did not carry such standard appurtenances as Genoa jibs and spinnaker poles (although she does fly a spinnaker of sorts). Worse yet, *Cascade* was so modestly swift that before a nice Skipper Milgram would merely lounge around on deck as the fleet started, keeping his craft out of the melee. Then he would put her in gear and coolly march past boat after boat.

Cascade's speed caused fear, her ability to dispense with backbreaking winches and hard-to-handle sails caused resentment, her low handicap rating caused fury. And like the antiturbine men at Lady (who were successful), the traditionalists are in a mood to shoot her down.

Cascade has a low rating precisely because she carries no sail forward of the mainmast and a moderate amount elsewhere. When first rated, after being launched last year, she was given a low, low 22.00. *Lightnin'*, a sloop of comparable size, has a rating of 27.2. Her rated sail area is 550 square feet, *Cascade*'s only 325.

At a recent meeting in London of the men who make the ratings, *Cascade* was already well known as a budding rules breaker. It is said that Robin Glover of the technical committee of the International Yacht Racing Union became so enraged over the low number accorded *Cascade* that he had to be "physically restrained."

The committee is empowered to increase ratings when it believes a boat is exploiting the rules. *Cascade*'s rating was summarily raised 10% to 24.2. Milgram, probably needing restraint himself, managed to get it reduced to 22.8 for the SORC. He achieved this by shortening the rig and making a few other, smaller adjustments.

Milgram says he now has learned that next month his boat's rating probably will be hiked again—and he fears that this time he will be ruled right out of effective competition. It was never Milgram's intention to be the focal point of such a controversy, but once he began to win big it was certain the Establishment would stop laughing and start yelling for the law. Sailmakers fore-

saw a shrinkage in huge and profitable sails, hardware manufacturers like Milgram's inexpensive little winches not at all, a number of marine designers felt he had thrown a grenade at yachting esthetics.

Milgram came late to his explosive game. Prior to *Cascade* his latest exercise in boat design had been a 5.5-meter sloop that had sailed, alas, like a Thames barge. On his MIT salary Milgram could not afford to fancy *Cascade* up, even if he had wanted to. He had her built for the bottom dollar at a Matapoisset, Mass. yard. He fitted out the stark interior himself and also built the rudder and keel. All the same she cost \$50,000, not counting the value of Milgram's labor.

Cascade first reared her ugly head in blue-chip competition in last summer's New York Yacht Club Cruise while under charter to Ellie Sweet. As a club member she was eligible to enter. Milgram, not a member, was not—although he sailed along. *Cascade*, which had her 22.0 rating then, caused extreme agitation among the NYCC toffs by taking two firsts and three seconds. And she missed two of the NYCC races because a mast broke.

Many in the SORC fleet expected—or perhaps secretly hoped—that a similar calamity would befall her in the traditionally rough, 403-mile Fort Lauderdale race around the toe of Florida. And calamity came, but because of the missed buoy, not because of any breakdown. The wind was wild enough. When it really breezed up, it sank a tugboat—whose crew, in rare romantic fashion, was rescued by an SORC racing sloop.

On the whole the SORC weather favored *Cascade*, as her crew quickly conceded. When the wind is on her beam, she flies. On a beat or a dead run, she does not. Never did she have a breeze better suited to her than in the 176-mile Miami-Nassau. She waffled off the starting line last as usual, but as her staysail flapped up and belled with the beamish southeasterly, she leaped ahead. Within 10 minutes she had *Lightnin'* abeam in her own Class E and was fast catching up with *Mukequin*, which had started a full 15 minutes earlier with Class D.

That night, with Jerry Milgram in polite command, *Cascade* cruised across the Gulf Stream toward Great Isaac Light as if on holiday. All around, the



Among pastures young: a spinnaker dip.

winking running lights of competitors kept her crew company. At Isaac several boats were spotted sailing illegally toward shortcuts among the rocks—boats that later went unpunished. When *Cascade* had committed her own costly error in the Fort Lauderdale race a boat named *Devastator* had promptly turned her in. Such is sailing.

The fleet spilled into Nassau Harbor next day to the boom of the committee boat's cannon. It was sunset when *Cascade*, running under a blue on blue spinnaker (of sorts), pushed her homely bow across the line to win a prestige battle if not a glorious war.

Bob Derecktor, a designer of pretty boats, put *Cascade* into true perspective. "Any boat that wins," he said, "is never ugly."

Added Amie Gay, a veteran skipper who crewed aboard *Robin* this year: "Cascade is a boat that out of hand may be ruled out of order; a boat that is grounded in history; a boat that is as American as apple pie. It's just a damn shame."

END

NO HOLES TO MEND IN THESE SOX

As they open spring training under a mallow Sarasota sun Dick Allen is there, rich and ready. Bill Melton—The Back—is back in one piece, and fans on the South Side are asking: Is this The Year? by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The morning was magnificent, with the sun high in a clear Florida sky. Automobiles from faraway places filled the parking lot at Arthur Aillyn Field in Sarasota. Fans sat on bleachers or leaned against wire fences, skin winter-pale. After months of tedious labor negotiation news, spring training had finally begun, and all the old magic was there again for those who genuinely enjoy the geometrical charms of baseball.

The Chicago White Sox have been training in Sarasota since 1960, but this was a special day, the beginning of a special season. Only once in 53 years have the Sox won an American League pennant; in 1973 another may be forthcoming. The White Sox have given their fans generations of geometry; now they promise drama.

Three seasons ago Chicago lost 106 times and ended up 42 games out of first place. Last year the team finished second to the World Champion Oakland A's, only 3½ games away from accomplishing a minor athletic miracle. Once the White Sox seemed to be made up of a thousand 51 nonentities. Now they have the highest-priced ballplayer ever to pull on a pair of sanitary socks. For years they went about the business of scoring a run with the grace of a barefoot man kicking cactus. Today they can rattle the fences and break the furniture in a 62-year-old stadium that has one of the largest playing areas in the major leagues.

Not 24 hours after he had signed up for three years at an estimated \$225,000 a year, chief rattler Dick Allen was asked why he had wanted a contract of such length. "Well," he said, "when I was traded to the White Sox last year that made four teams in four seasons. I think we are now very close to winning a pennant. In the next three years we might win two, and I don't want to be somewhere else when it happens."

Bill Melton (*see cover*), the handsome 27-year-old third baseman who was benched by back miseries last summer but looks fit and fine now, sees the sit-

uation this way: "The White Sox haven't gotten the attention some teams have. To many fans only five teams—Oakland, Detroit, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh—appear to be doing an awful lot. The other clubs just seem to be scrambling around. But we have one heck of a lineup. This year I think everybody will be watching us."

Not the least of the attention will be on Melton. Chicago had never had a home-run champion until Melton, with exquisite timing, hit three in the last two games of the 1971 season to beat out Detroit's Norm Cash and Oakland's Reggie Jackson 33 to 32. While Melton's total was among the lowest to lead the American League in years, that vast Chicago acreage made the feat a genuinely impressive one. And far from

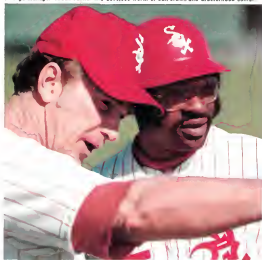
frankish—the season before Melton had set a Sox team record with another 33.

Even without Melton for the final three months of the 1972 season, the Sox made the run that put them half a game ahead of Oakland as late as Aug. 28. As the A's must have asked themselves more than once, where might the Sox have finished with Melton?

A little over a year ago Melton, trying to remove his small son from a garage roof, fell off a ladder and aggravated an old disc injury. He played until June in increasing pain. "I thought it would go away," he said last week, "but the pain kept moving further down my left leg." Finally the disc herniated and he had to come out of the lineup for treatment.

Two days before the official opening

Chicago Manager Chuck Teener and \$675,000 worth of bat, brews and brotherhood confer.



of the Sox spring camp Melton was out on one of the four diamonds at Allyn Field, beginning the climb back. He stepped into the box and swung against live pitching for the first time since June 23—and hit the first offering on a line to center field. "That's not too bad for right out of bed," he said happily. "The Back is back."

"We could have sat still over the winter and still had our fans fully behind us," says Roland Hemond, director of player personnel, "because we had Melton returning along with Pitcher Bart Johnson, who was bothered by a knee injury last season, one of the best all-around athletes in sports today. But we decided not to sit."

At the November baseball meetings in Honolulu the Sox executed one of the major off-season trades by getting Outfielder Ken Henderson from San Francisco along with Pitcher Steve Stone for Pitcher Tom Bradley, a 15-game winner in 1972. Henderson is an excellent fielder, he has fine base-running speed and he is that rarity, a switch-hitter with power. "I did not expect the Giants to give up on me," Henderson says. "I

thought I fit into their plans for 1973, but when the trade came I was happy about it because I was going to a contender. If I hit in front of Allen I can use my base-running ability at times. And with Allen, Melton, Carlos May and myself in the lineup, we have a good set of bats."

"For years," says Manager Chuck Tanner, "our ball park was judged too big for a power team. Well, with the type of power we have now we've cut down the size of the park."

With Henderson hitting third and Melton fifth, Allen is the filling in an explosive sandwich. He may even better his league-leading 113 RBIs and 37 homers, because he will not be walked as often. Why walk Allen to face Melton? Allen's value has been further increased by the designated-batter rule.

The White Sox are enjoying the new love-me, love-my-team Allen. Now beginning his 10th full season as a major-leaguer, Allen has reported for the start of a spring training for only the third time. He did it during his rookie spring with the Philles in 1964 and again with the Dodgers in 1971. "I knew last September that I was coming to the start of our spring training," Allen explained one afternoon in Sarasota. "But every time I saw Chuck he kept telling me he didn't want me in spring training early. He said he wouldn't know what to do with me if I ever got here early."

A big smile crossed Allen's face. In the opening workouts he has been taking ground balls at second base and shortstop just for exercise and Tanner occasionally plays first base to catch Allen's throws. Tanner is also utilizing Allen's knowledge of base running to help other Chicago players. "We ran ourselves into a lot of mistakes on the bases last year," Allen said, "and those mistakes cost us some games. If I can help anybody just a little bit it will help us as a team."

When Allen was at Philadelphia, Gene Mauch, then the Phillie manager, said of him, "There are only two things you cannot get by Richie Allen. One is a high fastball and the other a fast high-ball." Following his fine season last year, however, Allen's image has changed remarkably. The day after his signing last week he walked over to two Chicago reporters and apologized because the story of his record salary broke first in Washington, where his adviser worked

on the contract. "I'm sorry about what happened," Allen said. "It's embarrassing to me because you guys should never have been beaten on the story."

Later that day a television network man came to the White Sox training camp with a camera crew. Allen had just come from the field and was ready for a shower. His uniform was off and hanging in his locker, wrinkled and damp. "Would you put your uniform back on," the man asked, "and come out on the field? We just need a couple of minutes."

"The uniform's all wet," Dick said, "and I don't want to put it back on. I'll help you, but can't we do it in my street clothes?"

"I'm network out of New York," the TV man said.

"I'm Allen out of Pennsylvania," said Allen.

"We really need the uniform," the television man suggested.

"No matter what I'm in," said Allen, "Me is Me."

But Allen put his wet trousers back on, got into a red windbreaker and went out and did the interview.

Off in the distance the pitchers were still working: wondrous knuckleballer Wilbur Wood (24-17), the rejuvenated Bart Johnson, newcomer Steve Stone, youthful reliever Terry Forster, who in 1972 had finished 45 games and set a team record with 29 saves. He had not given up a home run in 100 innings. Notably absent: Stan Bahnsen (21-16), who had not yet signed. Inseparable from Wood & Co. was a middle-aged man with a middling chew in his cheek: Johnny Sain, pitching coach extraordinary. Contrary to conventional wisdom, Sain and Tanner promoted Forster in 1971, after he had put in but 54 innings of minor-league pitching. Forster logged only 50 major-league innings that year. "That plus Sain's coaching was worth 200 innings in the minors," said Chuck Tanner. All in all, it seemed staff enough for a pennant race.

At third base Melton was fielding balls hit by Coach Joe Lonnett. One hopped up and struck Melton on the shoulder. "Ah! Ah!" Melton shouted, "you got me."

"Dang-a-ling-a-ling," boomed Lonnett.

The Back is back, the Me is Me, and perhaps at last the bells will be ringing on Chicago's South Side.

END





NOW SHE PLAYS FOR GREEN STAMPS

... and green stuff. Chris Evert gets her introduction to the money game and comes away with 10 grand reasons for being a pro by **JOE JARES**

It was something more, or maybe something less, than a tennis tournament. There was a lively and loud Dixieland band, a water ballet, a million-dollar art show featuring Picassos and Utrillos and a pro-am, which reached its artistic height when Miami Dolphin Safety Dick Anderson banged himself over the right eye with his own metal racket. All this hoopla took place last week at The Tennis Club in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. and served as a sideshow in the main attraction, hometown girl Chris Evert playing as a professional for the first time. It was the splashiest coming-out party for a Southern belle since Scarlett O'Hara made her debut at Tara.

The event was the S&H Green Stamps \$50,000 Women's Tennis Classic, first stop on an eight-tournament tour called—without a shred of pity for headline writers—the United States Lawn Tennis Association Women's Prize Money Circuit, or USLTAWPMC. Since the stars were supposed to be Evert and the successful 21-year-old Australian, Evonne Goolagong, some people referred to it as the Ev and Chrissie Show, which is not to be confused with that other women's tennis tour, the one underwritten primarily by Virginia Slims cigarettes and featuring Billie Jean King and Margaret Court. King and Court are aging actresses who soon will have to content themselves with character roles, says the USLTA. Ev and Chrissie are the lovely ingenues.

There would not be a USLTA tour worth a sagging net without Evert. Virginia Slims wanted her badly, but she and/or her family chose to help the Establishment USLTA start what amounts to a Chrissie clay-court caravan. The last three tournaments will be in Sarasota, Miami Beach and St. Petersburg, and two of these on the slow clay that so nicely complements Evert's backcourt game. The tour opener last week was not only on clay, not only in her hometown, but also at the club where she practices almost every day.

So it was to no one's surprise that Evert turned up in the finals on Sunday and won in a rout, though not against her fellow starlet Goolagong. Her opponent was England's veteran Virginia Wade, nine years her senior. Though Wade played in five Virginia Slims tournaments last year and has the hardest serve in women's tennis, she was no

match for Evert. The scores were 6-1, 6-2, and it took only 55 minutes for Evert to win the first prize of \$10,000, the equivalent of 3,333 books of Green Stamps.

"I really felt like a beginner today," said Wade. "The only way we're going to have good matches against Chrissie is if she gets worse."

In her months of hard practice since her last tournament—Boca Raton in October—Evert seems to have put more muscle into her serve and, if possible, sharpened the ground strokes that were already radar-guided. She still stays away from the net as if it were radioactive, but she has excellent concentration, she disguises her shots until the last moment and, with the exception of her clever drop shot, appears to hit each ball with all her strength, especially her famous two-fisted backhand. Always when serving and often on ground strokes she lets out a loud grunt, which some sensitive Lauderdaleans prefer to call a gasp.

"You put more energy in your grunt than your serve," scolds her father and coach, Jimmy.

Tennis pro Jimmy Evert is a meticulous and conservative man, so meticulous that when his kids practice at Fort Lauderdale's Holiday Park—the tennis complex that Jimmy runs—they get new balls at about the same time they would in a match, thus preventing any bad habits that might develop from swinging at dead ones. So conservative is Jimmy that he did not challenge the USLTA rule—of doubtful legality—that prevented Chris from turning pro until she was 18 and cost her almost \$50,000.

Now that his daughter is 18, Jimmy is her agent as well, with the help of his brother, who is a lawyer in Georgia. As expected, Chris has not rushed out to endorse everything under the Florida sun. There is a new line of sportswear called Chrissie Evert for Sports 7 and she has joined the Wilson Sporting Goods staff, continuing to use Wilson's Billie Jean King model racket until she gets one with her own signature on it. So far that is all, though the business world would no doubt love to capitalize on her popularity by marketing Chrissie Evert cola, Chrissie Evert toenail polish and a Chrissie Evert doll—wind it up, and it swings a little racket and grunts.

If Evert was nervous in her first pro match, she did not show it. This despite tremendous pressure put on her by lo-

cal people, including the duck jockey who gushed, "We've got our fingers crossed for you, Chrissie," and the tournament promoter, George Laddy, who gave her a new car—a chamomile-colored Cadillac Supreme—the day before play began. Modeling one of her own brand of frocks—she trotted out a new one each day and loaned others to her 15-year-old sister Jeanne—she played Michele Gurdal of Belgium on Wednesday afternoon and put her away with ease 6-1, 6-2. The match took just 36 minutes.

"I'd rather have my pro debut here than anywhere else," she said afterward. "I know the people who are watching. If I win, I'd like to win in front of them. If I lose, I know they'll understand."

No understanding was needed, or even contemplated. On Friday Evert had an easy time (6-2, 6-1) with Czechoslovakia's Marie Neumanova, who serves left-handed and hits everything else right-handed. On Saturday the semifinal victim was pretty Linda Tuero (6-1, 6-2) whose novelist boyfriend William Peter Blatty, author of *The Exorcist*, was in the audience.

"Chris is playing the best she has in her life," said Tuero.



Virginia's slam proved to be a little too slim.

Googalag had been breezing also, beating Janet Haas 6-0, 6-1 and Patti Hogan 6-3, 6-3, but her Saturday afternoon match was against the more formidable Wade, and their battle was one of the tournament's most entertaining.

Googalag, managed by the same people who handle Arnold Palmer and promoting a line of sportswear (Gutoni) to rival Evert's, did not play well and Wade was aggressive and sharp. In the first set Wade had a 4-2 lead and was within a point of breaking Googalag in the seventh game when the Aussie ran off five straight points—two of them on streaking backhand passing shots. The set went down to the last point of the nine-point tie breaker. Wade won it, then took the second set rather easily for a 7-6, 6-3 victory, and the producers of the Evt and Chrissie Show were looking for a catchy new title. Hey, how about Virginia Slams?

Whether or not she could wreck Evert's coming-out party by upsetting the hometown heroine on Sunday was another matter; she didn't seem overly optimistic. "I've practiced very hard and I've been playing well," she said. "I'm so pleased I got to the finals. She's a bloody good player on these courts. She'll probably kill me." Which gives Virginia honors as realist of the week.

The crowd, naturally, would be all for Evert—or would it? Six Fort Lauderdale girls, each about 13 and each in tennis clothes, were watching the Wade-Googalag match and rooting hard for the Aussie. They wanted Googalag to meet Evert in the finals the next day, right? Yes, they chorused. They would be rooting for Chris, right? Wrong. They would be for Googalag.

"She's nicer than Chris," said one with a faceful of freckles and a mouthful of metal. "Chrissie's gotta lose sometime."

Well, Evert did not lose despite her little detractors. The only question about her, one left completely unanswered after the tournament, was how she would do were she to play on the tougher Slims Circuit with fewer events on Florida clay and steady opposition from King, Court, Nancy Gunter, Kerry Melville, etc. Evert herself would like to know and said she was sure the Women's Lob feud would be settled by next year.

In the meantime she will be traveling the USLTAWPMC, modeling her Sports 7 dresses, honing her strokes—and making money. **END**



CLYDE THE GLIDE AND THE SLIDE

Last year Florida State was Cinderella, but now it is only the slipper. The reasons reveal how fragile are the components of an athletic team's success

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Besides dribbles, free throws and 25-foot jump shots, every college basketball season serves up a smorgasbord of winners and losers, ample dishes of jubilation and lamentation. It usually offers something else, too—one team that is magic, and one that is all but tragic. In consecutive years Florida State has filled both roles. Last season State was a Cinderella in sparkle-dust sneakers, an NCAA finalist and about the only team to score at least a moral victory over UCLA. This season has drawn to a markedly dissimilar conclusion for the withered Seminoles. Now they are the losers, the cinders of their game, a team with ennuï for a mascot. Who killed Florida State? Why did it die?

The answers are there to be found, found in Tallahassee, where disgruntled fans accuse the team of every malady except ring around the collar: found in Room 361 of a student dormitory on the FSU campus where for part of the season the team's two best players lingered in limbo; found at the pleasant suburban home of Coach Hugh Durham, a flustered, disillusioned man on a swaying tightrope; found among former Seminole players who are dismayed by the team's chilling decline.

Florida State began the season with three players gone from last year, two of them starters. But it had two very promising junior college transfers, Benny (The Glide) Clyde and Otis Johnson. The returning veterans included slick-shooting Ron King, Lawrence McCray, a 6'11" center who performed well against UCLA's Bill Walton, 6'10" Reggie Royals, and little Otto Petty, the scamping

5'7" mini-hit of the '72 NCAA finals in Los Angeles. It seemed that the only way to stop Florida State was for the team to stop itself.

And that is what happened. The Seminoles opened the season as the second-ranked team in the country. They end it with skid marks all over a record that shows eight losses, defeats not so appalling in themselves as in their construction, for Florida State has not played well this year, or fairly not in the games it lost, occasionally not in the 18 games it won. Sometimes it has been easy to pinpoint the trouble as in the case of Ron King, who was injured in the team's sixth game. Sometimes not so easy, as with Benny Clyde, who was suspended from the squad in late January and not reinstated for nearly a month. King and Clyde are the players in Room 361.

"People talk about what we had coming back this year," says Coach Durham. "They don't talk about what we lost. They forget Greg Samuel, Ron Harris, Rowland Garrett. Samuel played 30 games for us last season and committed only 30 fouls. And that while being matched against the best backcourt man on the other team every night. He was the best defensive guard in the country, that's all. And then there was Garrett. All he did was make the Chicago Bulls—without a no-cut contract. And Harris. No one knew him. He was our sixth man, but he was in every game at the end. He was our most valuable player. The team voted him MVP after the season was over. People say 'What's wrong with Florida State?' All that talent and they're losing. Well, maybe we lost some talent, too."

Every defeat has bitten a piece from Durham's soul, and there have been

times when he must have felt like a man caught in a whirlpool. Tallahassee is a Southern town, and Durham's predominantly black teams have galled a segment of the population. People hesitated to complain in the face of success, but defeat enjoys no such protection. "I know there are people against us here," Durham sighs. "Hell, we have people like that on our own scorer's table."

The coach and his players have been denounced as "outlaws" and worse on occasion by rival coaches, charges that have gained credibility if only because Durham's teams twice have been put on probation by the NCAA. "Everybody in the United States knows that," Durham says wearily. "It seems that every time someone wants to write about what's wrong with college basketball, Florida State's name is brought up. I think we've paid our penalty."

"I knew the pressures that would arise because of the black athletes when we started to recruit them, but I'm not going to go out there and strive for mediocrity. I'll tell you, we're making more of a contribution to society than, say, someone like Dean Smith at North Carolina. Sure, you take a kid who scores 1,200 or 1,300 in his college boards, and you're not going to have problems. But we're taking kids who, if we didn't take them and put them into college, probably would end up as a drain on society instead of a possible asset."

The season has been one of patchwork for the beleaguered coach. He has tried three different starting lineups as he searched for the antidote to his Frankenstein monster, inserting new and hopeful formulas after King dislocated his ankle playing against Alabama and was out for the year, and then again after Clyde was suspended. He even moved Petty down as he desperately sought someone to come off the bench and keep his team rolling. But without King in the lineup Florida State's shooting was futile and the team was vulnerable to zone defenses.

"The guys are saying that Coach Durham has changed," King says. "Maybe he has. You get different players, you have got to change. We used to cover all over the court. We used to dog, dog, dog, steal the ball, start the break. Now we slow it down. It's not like it used to be."

FSU Coach Hugh Durham had high hopes before the attitude of Benny Clyde (far left) and an injury to Ron King reduced No. 2 to zero.

continues

A perceptive young man, King has analyzed the team's behavior as puerile. "If a guy messes up in a game," he says, "the other players get mad at him instead of helping him. They say he shouldn't be in there playing. They start hangin' their heads. And then you have guys getting mad because they aren't being used enough. And it all falls back on the coach. Last year we didn't have any problems. Everybody is complaining this year."

Durham is rankled by the situation, and the charges. In his seven years as a head coach this has been the first season in which he encountered serious personality problems. Despite warnings, including one from Clyde's hometown adviser, Mrs. Rubye Wysinger, who told the coach that her ward would need delicate treatment, Durham recruited Clyde out of Ellsworth Junior College in Iowa. Admittedly a superior individual basketball talent, the youngster was struggling to forget a childhood that included some brushes with the law in his hometown of St. Petersburg, Fla. He was a product of poverty, with a reputation as a bitter, moody, withdrawn, suspicious individual. Those who know him claim that he does not trust anyone, specifically whites. Some people resent his detached manner. Indeed, one of Durham's frustrations is that Clyde seldom smiles. Perhaps that is because life has not seemed all that funny to Clyde, whose face is pocked with the scars of childhood fights.

"We took a chance on Clyde," says Durham. "We knew that going in. But what are you going to do, shut a guy off because he made a mistake somewhere in his life? That's the easy way out." The coach hoped that his other players would keep Clyde straight. He was wrong.

Almost the opposite occurred. "Clyde really influenced the team in a bad way," says Harris. Last year's MVP now is doing graduate work at Florida State preparatory to entering medical school, and he is surprisingly candid. "He really brought them down this year. A lot of dudes look up to Clyde and follow him. If he wanted to do it fancy, then everybody wanted to do it fancy. If Clyde wanted to spin and take the ball through his legs, then Petty wanted to and Johnson wanted to. Everybody wanted the spotlight.

"There were a lot of little things. Like at practice, everybody would be playing really good defense and suddenly Clyde would start laughing and say: 'Hey, you're all crazy.' Things like that. Coach might tell Clyde to run a lap, and if the players laughed, Clyde might tell Durham to go to hell. He's like that."

"Durham probably used the wrong approach with him. He tried to be easy on him, to be his buddy. But maybe he should have been hard from the start. He tried to get Clyde to change his game, to cut out the fancy stuff, but without that Benny is just another person, and he wouldn't change."

Clyde finally was suspended after slugging a player late in a game against Southern Illinois. He had tried to one-hand a rebound, and to his embarrassment lost control of the ball. While chasing it out of bounds a Southern Illinois player jostled him and Clyde punched back. The flagrant foul almost cost Florida State a win. This, following a series of broken curfews, skipped classes and real as well as insinuated insubordinations, was too much for Durham.

"Benny thinks society is shafting him," says Durham. "I told him instead of crying, he ought to be thankful that The Man gave him more basketball ability than 95% of the people in the world. He doesn't look at it that way. He thinks the reason he is a good basketball player is because he works harder than everybody else. He's wrong. It's the natural ability. When he wants to be, he's fantastic."

Clyde was reinstated after he met the rather meager penalties Durham outlined for him when he was dropped. "I told him that he had to go to class for 10 straight days and make curfew when we had it," Durham says. "That doesn't sound like much, but to a guy who is used to not going to class at all it is. If Benny lands in the pros with a coach who demands excellence, he'll be terrific. But if he ends up with one who lets him go his own way, he won't cut it. You know, aside from the suspension, I haven't had any trouble with Benny. He's just never had to do it somebody else's way, that's all. If Benny had come to Florida State as a freshman, he'd be great today."

But it is too easy and surely unfair to put the entire blame for Florida State's demise on Benny Clyde. Other factors

are involved. Perhaps more than any player on the team, Clyde needed a successful year at Florida State, for he saw in this season a chance for a pro contract and a ticket out of the madroom that has been his sorry life. Even now he talks about how well he will perform for Florida State next year—if he does not get a good offer from the pros after their undergraduate drafts.

"There were eight kids in my family," says Clyde. "My old man ran off and left us when I was 2. The old lady had to bring us up. It was rough. Now the old lady is afraid I'm going to blow it, but I'm not."

Last summer Harris and Florida State Guard Otis Cole visited with Benny in St. Petersburg. "It's really bad there," remembers Harris. "It was so bad that we had to tell him and told him we had to leave. You go down to the store and you just see junkies lined up everywhere nodding. Clyde's girl friend wouldn't ride in our car because she said it looked like a police car, and she didn't want anybody shooting at her."

"People don't realize what a pro contract means to a black person like Clyde. It's his only chance to get out. I come from the same type of thing. There were nine kids in my family. It was hard, but I never had to beat up people for lunch money like Clyde says he did. You don't know what it's like to go through four years of school with only one pair of pants. The saddest thing I ever saw in my life was coming home and looking on as my dad ate bread and syrup for lunch when he was working 13 hours a day. I made it through okay, but Clyde didn't. Maybe he had a different personality than me. Maybe he's insecure."

"From the get-go, he had the reputation here as a bad guy," says Clyde's roommate, King. "Maybe people were looking for him to mess up."

Florida State began its season with three relatively easy victories. The first hint of trouble came in the Marshall Memorial Classic when Princeton beat the Seminoles by two points. Days later came the King injury against Alabama, and that set a pattern. By the middle of January even Durham was not voting for FSU in the weekly coaches' poll.

"I told my assistant coach before the start of the season that Benny Clyde is the type of player who can get you ranked second," says Durham. "But then if ev-

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everybody doesn't come through for you, you start out high and play yourself down. And that is what happened.

"The sad thing is that Clyde still doesn't understand why he was suspended. He thinks it was only for hitting that player. He doesn't understand that it was another example of him thinking about himself and the hell with Florida State. Clyde could be a super player. But he won't let himself be. He has to be fancy. He has 'to do his thing,' as he calls it. He can't just play basketball. And by doing it his own way, he's going to foul up sometimes. But he can't see that."

When the chastised Clyde returned to the team, he played briefly against South Alabama and went scoreless, then again came off the bench in the first half last week against Marshall, a lamentable contest—but fortunately the next to last game of the season—that the Seminoles lost 71-59. "He got seven rebounds in nine minutes," says Durham. "Then he got tired. It was a lack of conditioning. Benny tells you how much he wants to play, but he didn't want to play enough to run on his own while he was suspended."

Durham has suffered other recent disappointments. Before this season, he liked to point out that all but one of his previous black players went on to graduate. Now he has a couple who probably won't get their diplomas. They stopped going regularly to class last fall because they presumed they would be playing professional basketball next year. "That's the problem with the young players," says Harris. "They come here and get influenced by some of the older players who don't go to class, and then the young players think they don't have to go, either."

No wonder Durham's hair is falling out. But despite the trauma and the grating sound of a crashing kingdom, the coach realizes that things could be worse. Last year he considered taking a pro coaching job—with the hapless Philadelphia 76ers.

Now he looks to the future. He feels certain Florida State will be back on top next year. Perhaps it is wishful thinking to hope that Benny Clyde will be there, too. If The Slide started the slide, maybe he could help cad it for State, and for himself, and stir up some of that sparkle dust again.

END

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"Call me Ishmael," wrote Herman Melville in one of literature's famed opening lines. "Call me Smitty," parodies Philip Roth as he begins The Great American Novel, which will be published in May by Holt. Rine-

hart and Winston. Smitty is a sportswriter with a whale of a tale to tell. The plot concerns the travails of an all-starred baseball team—and the morals we men. This excerpt describes the astonishing events of the '33 season

THE GREAT AMERICAN ROOKIE

by Philip Roth

General Douglas D. Oakhart became President of the Patriot League in 1933, though as early as the winter of 1919-1920 he was being plugged for the commissionership of baseball, along with his friend and colleague General John "Black Jack" Pershing and the former President of the United States, William Howard Taft. At that time it had seemed to him an excellent stepping-stone to high political office, and he had been surprised and saddened when the owners had selected a popingay like Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis over a man of principle like himself. In his estimation Landis was nothing more than a showboat judge—as could be proved by the fact that every time he made one of his "historic decisions," it was subsequently reversed by a higher court. In 1907 as a federal judge he fined the Standard Oil Company \$29 million in a rebate case—headlines all over the place—and then was overruled by the U.S. Supreme Court. During the war, the same hollow theatrics: seven socialists up before him for impeding the war effort, scathing denunciations from Judge Landis, hefty jail sentences all around, including one to a "Red" congressman from Milwaukee, big headlines—and

then the verdict thrown out the window by a higher court. That was the man they had chosen over him.

In the summer of 1920, having already lost out to Landis for the commissioner's job, General Oakhart suffered a second stunning setback when the movement to make him Harding's running-mate died in the smoke-filled rooms. No one (went the argument against him) wanted to be reminded of all the boys buried under crosses in France to whom General Oakhart had been "Father, Brother and Buddy, too." Nor—he thought bitterly, when the Teapot Dome scandal broke in '23 and one after another of Harding's cronies was indicted, convicted and jailed for the most vile sort of political corruption—nor did they want a man of integrity around, either. When Harding died (of shame and humiliation, one would hope) and Coolidge took the oath of office—Coolidge, that hack they had chosen instead of him—the General came near to weeping for the nation's loss of himself. But, alas, the American people didn't seem to care any more than the politicians did for a man who lived by and for the Rules and Regulations.

Sure enough, when the call went out for General Oakhart

continued



in the winter of 1932, the country was suffering just such panic and despair as he had predicted years ago if the ship of state were to be steered for long by unprincipled leaders. It was not, however, to the White House or even the State House that the General was summoned, but to Tri-City Maw, to be president of a baseball league in trouble. With five of its eight teams at hock to the bank, and fear growing among the owners that the Depression had made their players unduly susceptible to the gambling mob, the P. League proprietors had paid a visit to General Gokhart in his quarters at the War College, where he was director of Military Studies, and pleaded with him not to sit sulking in an ivory tower. It was Spencer Trust, the billionaire Tycocot owner, and nobody's fool, who spoke the words that appeared to win the General's heart: he intended him that it was not just their floundering league that was casting about for a strong man to lead it back to greatness, but the nation as well. An outstanding Republican who rose to national prominence in '33 might well find himself elected the 33rd President of the United States in '36.

Now as luck would have it—or so it seemed to the General at the outset—the very year he agreed to retire from the military to become President of the P. League, 19-year-old Gil Gamesh came up to pitch for the Tycocots' crosstown rival, the Tri-City Greenbacks. Gamesh, throwing six consecutive shutouts in his first six starts, was an immediate sensation, and with his "I can beat anybody" motto, captured the country's heart as no player had since the Babe began swatting them out of the park for the Yankees in 1920. Only the previous year, in the middle of the most dismal summer of his life, the great Luke Goffannon had called it quits and retired to his farm in the Jersey flats, so that it had looked at the opening of the '33 season as though the Patriot League would be without an Olympian of the Ruth-Cobb variety. Then, from nowhere—or, to be exact, from Babylon, by way of his mother and father—came the youngster the General aptly labeled, "the Talk of the World," and nothing Hubbell did over in the National League or Lefty Grove in the American was remotely comparable. The tall, slim, dark-haired left-hander was just what the doctor had ordered for a nation bewildered and frightened by a rampant Depression—here was a kid who just would not lose, and he made no bones about it either. Nothing shy, nothing sweet, nothing humble about this young fellow. He could be 10 runs on top in the bottom of the ninth, two men out, the bases empty, a count of 0 and 2 on the opposing team's weakest hitter, and if the umpire gave him a bad call he would be down off that mound by catching fire. "You blind robber—it's a strike!" However, if and when the *batter* should dare to put up a beef on a call, Gamesh would laugh like mad and call out to the ump, "Come on now, you can't tell anything by him—he never even seen it. He'd be the last guy in the world to know."

And the fans just ate it up! 19 years old and he had the courage and confidence of a Walter Johnson, and the competitive spirit of the Georgia Peach himself. The stronger the batter the better Gil liked it. Rubbing the ball around in those enormous paws that hung down practically to his knees, he would glare defiantly at the man standing up to the plate (some of them stars when he was still in the cradle) and announce out loud his own personal opinion of the fellow's abilities. "You couldn't lick a stump. You couldn't beat a

drum. Get your belly button in there, bud, you're what I call duck soup." Then, sneering away, he would lean way back, kick that right leg up sky-high like a chorus girl, and that long left arm would start coming around by way of Illinois—and next thing you knew it was strike one. He would burn them in just as beautiful and nonchalant as that, three in a row, and then exactly like a barber, call out, "Next!" He did not waste a pitch, unless it was to throw a ball at a batter's head, and he did not consider that a waste. He knew a hundred ways to humiliate the opposition, such as late in the game deliberately walking the other pitcher, then setting the ball down on the ground to wave him from first on to second. "Go on, go on, you ain't gonna get there no other way, that's for sure." With the surprised base runner safely ensconced at second, Gil would kick the ball up into his glove with the instep of his shoe. "Okay, you just stand there on the bag, bud," he would tell the opposing pitcher, "and you watch these fellas try and hit me. You might learn something", though I doubt it."

Gamesh was seen to shed a tear only once in his career when his seventh major league start was rained out. Some reports had it that he even took the Lord's name in vain, blaming Him of all people for the washout. Gil announced afterward that had he been able to work in his regular rotation that afternoon, he would have extended his shutout streak through those nine innings *and on to the very end of the season*. An outrageous claim, on the face of it, and yet there were those in the newsrooms, living rooms and barrooms around this nation who believed him. As it was, even lacking his "fine edge," as he called it, he gave up only one run the next day, and never more than two in any game that year.

Around the league, in the season's early weeks, they would invariably boo the headstrong 19-year-old when he stepped out of the Greenback dugout, but it did not appear to affect him any. "I never expect they are going to be very happy to see me heading out to the mound," he told reporters—"I wouldn't be, if I was them." Yet once the game was over, it invariably required a police escort to get Gamesh back to the hotel, for the crowd that had hated him nine innings earlier for being so cocksure of himself was now in the streets calling his name—adults screaming right along with kids—as though he was the Saviour about to emerge from the visiting team clubhouse in a spiffy yellow linen suit and two-toned perforated shoes.

By early May it seemed to the General that he could not have turned up at the league president's box back of first at Greenback Stadium at a more felicitous moment. Just about everybody appeared to have become a Greenback fan, and the developing Patriot League pennant battle between the two Tri-City teams, the impeccably professional Tycocots, and the rough-and-tumble Greenbacks, made headlines East and West, and constituted just about the only news that didn't want to make you slit your throat over the barren dinner table. Men out of work—and there were 15 million of them across the land—men sick and tired of defeat and dying for a taste of victory, rich men who had become paupers overnight, would somehow scrape two bits together to come out and watch from the bleachers as a big unbeatable boy named Gil Gamesh did his stuff on the mound. And to the little kids of America, whose dads were on the dole, whose uncles were on the booze, and whose older brothers were on

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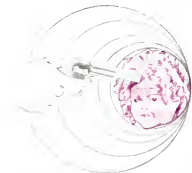
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the hum, he was a living, breathing example of that hero of American heroes, the he-man, a combination of Lindbergh, Tarzan and (with his long, girlish lashes and brilliantined black hair) Rudolph Valentino: brave, brutish, and a lady-killer, and in possession of a sidearm fastball that according to Ripley's "Believe It or Not" could pass clear through a batter's chest, come out his back, and still be traveling at "major league speed."

But the General's enthusiasm cooled when midway in the third month of the season a feud erupted between young Gil and Mike Masterson. The grand old man of umpiring had been assigned by General Oakhart to follow the Greenbacks around the country, after it became evident that Gamesh was just too much for the other officials in the circuit to handle. The boy could be rough when the call didn't go his way, and games had been held up for five and 10 minutes at a time while Gamesh told the ump in question just what he thought of his probity, eyesight, physiognomy, parentage and place of national origin. Because of the rookie's enormous popularity, because of the records he was breaking in a game after game, because many in the crowd had laid out their last quarter to see Gamesh pitch (and because they were just plain intimidated), the ump's tended to tolerate from Gamesh what would have been inexcusable in a more mature, or less spectacular, player. This of course was creating a most dangerous precedent vis-à-vis the Rules and Regulations, concerning which there was no greater believer than General Oakhart.

Every Massachusetts schoolchild who had ever gone off with his class to visit the General's office at P. League headquarters in Tri-City knew about General Oakhart and his Rules and Regulations. During the school year, busloads of little children were regularly ushered through the hallways paneled with murals of the great Patriot League heroes of the past—Babe Bial, Luke Gofannon, Mike Mazda, Smoky Woden, 12 and 15 feet high and in color—and into General Oakhart's paneled office to hear him deliver his lecture on the national pastime. In order to bring home to the youngsters the central importance of the Rules and Regulations, he would draw their attention to the model of a baseball diamond on his desk, explaining to them that if the distance be-

tween the bases were to be shortened by as little as one inch, you might just as well change the name of the game, for by so doing you would have altered fundamentally the existing relationship between the diamond "as we have always known it" and the physical effort and skill required to play the game upon a field of those dimensions. Into their solemn and awed little faces he would thrust his heavily decorated chest (for he dressed in a soldier's uniform till the day he died) and he would say: "Now I am not telling you that somebody won't come along tomorrow and try to change that distance on us. The streets are full of people with harebrained schemes, out to make a dollar, out to make confusion, out to make the world over because it doesn't happen to suit their taste. I am only telling you that 90 feet is how far from one another the bases have been for a hundred years now, and as far as I am concerned, how far from one another they shall remain until the end of time. I happen to think that the great man whose picture you see hanging above my desk knew what he was doing when he invented the game of baseball. I happen to think that when it came to the geometry of the diamond, he was a genius on a par with Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, whom I am sure you have read about in your school books. I happen to think that 90 feet was *precisely* the length necessary to make this game the hard, exciting, and suspenseful struggle that it is. And that is why I would impress upon your young minds a belief in following to the letter, the Rules and Regulations, as they have been laid down by thoughtful and serious men before you or I were ever born, and as they have survived in baseball for a hundred years now, and in human life since the dawn of civilization. Boys and girls, take away the Rules and Regulations, and you don't have any civilized life as we know and revere it. If I have any advice for you today, it's this: Don't try to shorten the base paths in order to reach home plate faster and score. All you will have accomplished by that technique is to cheapen the value of a run. I hope you will ponder that on the bus ride back to school. Now, go on out and stroll around the corridors all you want. Those great paintings are there for your enjoyment. Good day, and good luck to you."

It was in order to preserve the spirit and the letter of the Rules and Regulations and to prevent the situation with Gil Gamesh from getting completely out of hand that General Oakhart turned to the finest judge of a fastball in the majors, in his estimate the toughest, fairest official who ever wore blue, the man whose booming voice had earned him the monicker "The Mouth."

"I have been umpiring in the Patriot League since Dewey took Manila," Mike the Mouth Masterson liked to tell them on the annual banquet circuit after the World Series was over. "I have rendered more than a million and a half decisions in that time, and let me tell you, in all those years I have never called one wrong, at least not in my heart. In my apprentice days down in the minors I was bombarded with projectiles from the stands, I was threatened with switchblades by coaches, and once a misguided manager fired upon me with a gun. This three-inch scar here on my forehead was inflicted by the mask of a catcher who believed himself wronged by me, and on my shoulders and my back I bear 64 wounds inflicted during my 'years of trial' by bottles of soda pop. I have been mobbed by fans so perturbed that when I arrived in the dressing room I discovered all the buttons had

continued



DRAWING BY DAVID ROYCE

been torn from my clothing, and rotten vegetables had been stuffed into my trousers and my shirt. But harassed and hounded as I have been, I am proud to say that I have never so much as changed the call on a close one out of fear of the consequences to my life, my limbs, or my loved ones."

This last was an allusion to the kidnapping and murder of Mike the Mouth's only child, back in 1898, his first year up with the P. League. The kidnappers had entered Mike's Wisconsin home as he was about to leave for the ball park to umpire a game between the Reapers and the visiting Rustlers, who were battling that season for the flag. Placing a gun to his little girl's blood curls, the intruders told the young umpire that if the Reapers lost that afternoon, Mary Jane would be back in her high chair for dinner, unharmed. If however the Reapers should win for any reason, then Masterson could hold himself responsible for his darling child's fate. Well, that game, as everyone knows, went on and on and on, before the Reapers put together two walks and a scratch hit in the bottom of the 17th to break the 3-3 tie and win by a run. In subsequent weeks, pieces of little Mary Jane Masterson were found in every park in the Patriot League.

It did not take but one pitch, of course, for Mike the Mouth to become the lifelong enemy of Gil Gamesh. Huge crowd, sunny day, flags snapping in the breeze, Gil winds up, kicks, and here comes that long left arm, Americans, around by way of the equator.

"That's a ball," thundered Mike, throwing his own left arm into the air (as if anybody in the ball park needed a sign when The Mouth was back of the plate).

"A ball?" cried Gamesh, hurling his glove 25 feet in the air. "Why, I couldn't put a strike more perfect across the plate! That was right in there, you blind robber!"

Mike raised one meaty hand to stop the game and stepped out in front of the plate with his whisk broom. He swept the dust away meticulously, allowing the youth as much time as he required to remember where he was and whom he was talking to. Then he turned to the mound and said—in tones exceeding courteous—"Young fellow, it looks like you'll be in the league for quite a while. That sort of language will get you nothing. Why don't you give it up?" And he stepped back into position behind the catcher. "Play!" he roared.

On the second pitch, Mike's left arm shot again. "That's two." And Gamesh was rushing him.

"You cheat! You crook! You thief! You overage, over-stuffed—"

"Son, don't say any more."

"And what if I do, you pickpocket?"

"I will give you the thumb right now, and we will get on with the game of baseball that these people have paid good money to come out here today to see."

"They didn't come out to see no baseball game, you idiot—they come out to see me!"

"I will run you out of here just the same."

"Try it!" laughed Gil, waving toward the stands where the Greenback fans were already on their feet, whooping like a tribe of Red Indians for Mike the Mouth's scalp. And how could it be otherwise? The rookie had a record of fourteen wins and no losses, and it was not yet July. "Go ahead and try it," said Gil. "They'd mob you, Masterson. They'd pull you apart."

"I would as soon be killed on a baseball field," replied Mike the Mouth, "as anywhere else. Now why don't you go out there and pitch. That's what they pay you to do."

Smiling, Gil said, "And why don't you go—in your shoes."

Mike looked as though his best friend had died; sadly he shook his head. "No, son, no, that won't do, not in the Big Time." And up went the right thumb, an appendage about the size and shape of a nice pickle. Up it went and up it stayed, though for a moment it looked as though Gamesh, whose mouth had fallen open, was considering hitting it off—it wasn't but an inch from his teeth.

"Leave the field, son. And leave it now."

"Oh sure," chuckled Gil, recovering his composure. "Oh sure, leave the field in the middle of pitchin' to the first batter," and he started back out to the mound, loping nonchalantly like a big boy in an open meadow, while the crowd roared its love right into his face. "Oh sure," he said, laughing like mad.

"Son, either you go," Mike called after him, "or I forfeit this game to the other side."

"And ruin my perfect record?" he asked, his hands on his hips in disbelief. "Oh sure," he laughed. Then he got back to business: sanding down the ball in his big calloused palms, he called to the batsman on whom he had a two-ball count, "Okay, get in there, bud, and let's see if you can get that gun off your shoulder."

But the batter had hardly done as Gil had told him to when he was lifted out of the box by Mike the Mouth. Seventy-one years old, and a lifetime of being banged around, and still he just picked him up and set him aside like a paperweight. Then, with his own feet dug in, one on either side of home plate, he made his startling announcement to the 60,000 fans in Greenback Stadium—the voice of Enrico Caruso could not have carried any more clearly to the corners of the outfield bleachers.

"Because Greenback pitcher Gilbert Gamesh has failed to obey the order of the umpire-in-chief that he remove himself from the field of play, this game is deemed forfeited by a score of 9 to 0 to the opposing team, under rule 4.15 of the Official Baseball Rules that govern the playing of baseball games by the professional teams of the Pa-

trior League of Professional Baseball Clubs."

And jaw raised, arms folded and legs astride home plate—very like that Colossus at Rhodes—Mike the Mouth remained planted where he was, even as wave upon wave of wild men washed over the fences and onto the field.

And Gil Gamesh, his lips white with froth and his eagle eyes spinning in his skull, stood a mere 60 feet and six inches away, holding a lethal weapon in his hand.

The next morning, A black-and-white perforated shoe kicks open the door to General Oakhart's office and with a wad of newspapers in his notorious left hand, enter Gil Gamesh, shrieking. "My record is not 14 and 1! It's 14 and 0! Only now they got me down here for a *lost* Which is impossible! And you two done it?"

"You 'done' it, young man," said General Oakhart, while in a double-breasted blue suit the same deep shade as his umpire top, Mike the Mouth Masterson silently filled a chair by the trophy cabinet.

"Youse!"

"You."

"Youse!"

"You."

"Stop saying 'you' when I say 'youse'—it *was* youse, and the whole country knows it too! You and that thief! Settin' there free as a bird, when he oughta be in Sing Sing!"

Now the General's decorations flashed into view as he raised himself from behind the desk. Wearing the ribbons and stars of a courageous lifetime, he was impressive as a ship's figurehead—and of course he was still a powerfully built man, with a chest on him that might have been hooped around like a barrel. Indeed, the three men gathered together in the room looked as though they could have held their own against a team of horses, if they'd had to draw a brewery truck through the streets of Tri-City. No wonder that the day before, the mob that had pressed right up to his chin had fallen back from Mike the Mouth as he stood astride home plate like the Eighth Wonder of the World. Of course, ever since the murder of his child, not even the biggest numskull had dared to throw so much as a peanut shell at him from the stands; but neither did his bulk encourage a man to tread upon his toes.

"Gamesh," said the General, swelling with righteousness, "no umpire in the history of this league has ever been found guilty of a single act of dishonesty or corruption. Or even charged with one. Remember that!"

"But—my perfect record! He ruined it—forever! Now I will go down in the history books as someone who once *lost*! And I didn't! I couldn't! I can't!"

"And why can't you, my I ask?"

"Because I'm Gil Gamesh! I'm an immortal!"

"I don't care if you are Jesus Christ!" barked the General.

"There are Rules and Regulations in this world and you will follow them just like anybody else!"

"And who made the rules?" sneered Gamesh. "You? Or Scarface over there?"

"Neither of us, young man. But we are here to see that they are carried out."

"And suppose I say the hell with you!"

"Then you will be what is known as an outlaw."

"And? So? Jesse James was an outlaw. And he's world-famous."

"True. But he did not pitch in the major leagues."

"He didn't want to," sneered the young star.

"But you do," said the General. Bewildered, Gamesh collapsed into a chair. It wasn't just *what* he wanted to do, it was *all* he wanted to do. It was *what* he was *made* to do.

"But," he whimpered, "my perfect record."

"The umpire, in case it hasn't occurred to you, has a record too. A record," the General informed him, "that must remain untainted by charges of favoritism or falsification. Otherwise there would not even be major league baseball contests in which young men like yourself could excel."

"But there ain't no young men like myself," Gamesh whined—

"There's me, and that's a."

"Gil..." It was Mike the Mouth speaking. Off the playing field he had a voice like a songbird's, so gentle and mellifluous that it could soothe a baby to sleep. And alas, it had, years and years ago... "Son, listen to me. There's just got to be an umpire in the ball game. And he has got to be the boss. There's never been a big league game without one, and there never will... Oh Gil," he crooned, "I don't expect

that you are going to love me. I don't expect that anybody in a ball park is going to care if I live or die. Why should they? I'm not the star.

You are. The fans don't go out to the ball park to see the Rules and Regulations

continued



upheld, they go out to see the home team win. The whole world loves a winner, you know that better than anybody, but when it comes to an umpire, there's not a soul in the ball park who's for him. He hasn't got a fan in the place. What's more, he cannot sit down, he cannot go to the bathroom, he cannot get a drink of water, unless he visits the dugout, and that is something that any umpire worth his salt does not ever want to do. He cannot have anything to do with the players. He cannot fool with them or kid with them, even though he may be a man who in his heart likes a little horse-play and a joke from time to time. If he so much as sees a ball-player coming down the street, he will cross over or turn around and walk the other way, so it will not look to passersby that anything is up between them. In strange towns, when the visiting players all buddy up in a hotel lobby and go out together for a meal in a friendly restaurant, he finds a room in a boarding house and eats his evening pork chop in a diner all alone. Oh, it's a lonesome thing, being an umpire. There are men who won't talk to you for the rest of your life. Some will even stoop to vengeance. But that is not your lookout, my boy. Nobody is twisting Masterson's arm, saying, "Mike, it's a dog's life, but you are stuck with it." No, it's just this, Gil: somebody in this world has got to run the game. Otherwise, you see, it wouldn't be baseball, it would be chaos. We would be right back where we were in the Ice Ages."

"The Ice Ages?" said Gil, reflectively.

"Exactly," replied Mike the Mouth.

"Back when they was livin' in caves? Back when they carried clubs and ate raw flesh and didn't wear no clothes?"

"Correct!" said General Oakhart.

"Well," cried Gil, "maybe we'd be better off!" And kicking aside the newspapers with which he'd strewn the General's carpet, he made his exit. Whatever it was he said to the General's elderly spinster secretary out in the anteroom—in- stead of just saying "Good day"—caused her to keel over unconscious.

That very afternoon, refusing to heed the advice of his wise manager to take in a picture show, Gamesh turned up at Greenback Stadium just as the game was getting underway and, still buttoning up his uniform shirt, ran out and yanked the baseball from the hand of the Greenback pitcher, who was preparing to pitch to the first Aceldama hitter of the day—and nobody tried to stop him. The regularly scheduled pitcher just walked off the field like a good fellow (cursing under his breath) and the Old Philosopher, as they called the Greenback manager of that era, pulled his tired bones out of the dugout and ambled over to the umpire back of home plate. In his early years, the Old Philosopher had worn his seat out sliding up and down the bench, but after a lifetime of managing in the majors, he wasn't about to be riled by anything.

"Change in the lineup, Mike. That big apple knocker out there on

the mound is batting ninth now on my card."

To which Mike Masterson, master of scruple and decorum, replied, "Name?"

"Boy named Gamesh," he shouted, to make himself heard above the pandemonium rising from the stands.

"Spell it."

"Awww come on now, Michael."

"Spell it."

"G-a-m-e-s-h."

"First name?"

"Gil. G as in Gorgeous. I as in Illustrious. L as in Larger-than-life."

"Thank you, sir," said Mike the Mouth, and donning his mask, called, "Play!"

("In the beginning was the word, and the word was 'Play!'") Thus began the tribute to Mike Masterson, written the day the season ended in tragedy, in the column called "One Man's Opinion.")

The first Aceldama batsman stepped in. Without even taking the time to insult him, to mock him, to tease and to taunt him, without so much as half a snarl or the crooked smile, Gamesh pitched the ball, which was what they paid him to do.

"Strike-ah-one!" roared Mike.

The catcher returned the ball to Gamesh, and again, impersonal as a machine and nonetheless as a snake, Gamesh did his chorus girl kick, and in no time at all the second pitch passed through what might have been a tunnel drilled for it by the first.

"Strike-ah-two!"

On the third pitch, the batter (who appeared to have no more idea where the ball might be than some fellow who wasn't even at the ball park) swung and wound up on his face in the dust. "Musta dropped," he told the worms.

"Strike-ah-three—you're out!"

"Next!" Gamesh called, and the second man in an Aceldama uniform stepped up.

"Strike-ah-one!"

"Strike-ah-two!"

"Strike-ah-three—you're out!"

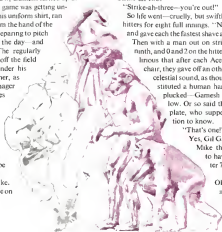
So life went—cruelly, but swiftly—for the Aceldama hitters for eight full innings. "Next!" called Gamesh, and gave each the fastest shave and haircut on record.

Then with a man out on strikes in the top of the ninth, and 0 and 2 on the hitter—and the fans so delirious that after each Aceldama batter left the chair, they gave off an otherworldly, practically celestial sound, as though together they constituted a human harp that had just been plucked—Gamesh threw the ball too low. Or so said the umpire behind the plate, who supposedly was in a position to know.

"That's one!"

Yes, Gil Gamesh was alleged by Mike the Mouth Masterson to have thrown a ball—after 77 consecutive strikes.

"Well," sighed the Old Philosopher, down at the Greenback dug-



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★ converse

out, "here comes the end of the world." He pulled out his pocket watch, seemingly taking some comfort in its precision. "Yep, at 2:59 p.m. on Wednesday, June 16, 1933. Right on time."

Out on the diamond, Gil Gamesh was 15 feet forward from the rubber, still in the ape-like crouch with which he completed his big sideward motion. In their seats the fans surged upwards as though in anticipation of Gil's bounding into the air and landing in one enormous leap on Mike the Mouth's blue back. Instead, he straightened up like a man—a million years of primate evolution passing instantaneously before their eyes—and there was that smile, that famous crooked smile. "Okay," he called down to his catcher, Pineapple Tawhaks, "throw it here."

"But—holy aloha!" cried Pineapple, who hailed from Honolulu, "he call ball, Gilly?"

Gamesh spat high and far and watched the tobacco juice raise the white dust on the first-base foul line. He could hit anything with anything, that boy. "Was a ball."

"Was?" Pineapple cried.

"Yep." And he spat again, this time raising chalk along third. "Ooone it on purpose, Pineapple. Done it deliberate." "Holy aloha!" the mystified catcher groaned—and fired the ball back to Gil. "How-why-ee?"

"So's to make sure," said Gil, his voice rising to a piercing pitch, "so's to make sure the old geezer standin' behind you hadn't fell asleep at the switch! JUST TO KEEP THE OLD SON OF A BITCH HONEST!"

"One and two," Mike roared, "Play!"

"JUST SO AS TO MAKE CLEAR ALL THE REST WAS EARNED!"

"Play!"

"BECAUSE I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' FOR NOTHIN' FROM YOUSE! I DON'T NEED IT! I'M GIL GAMESH! I'M AN IMMORTAL, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!"

"PLAY BAWWWWWWWW!"

Had he ever been more heroic, more gloriously contemptuous of the powers-that-be? Not to those fans of his he hadn't. They loved him even more for that bad pitch, deliberately thrown a fraction of a fraction of an inch too low, than for the 77 dazzling strikes that had preceded it. The wickedly accurate pitching machine wasn't a machine at all—no, he was a human being, made of piss and vinegar, like other human beings. The arm of a god, but the disposition of the Common Man: petty, grudging, vengeful, gloating, selfish, and mean. How could they not adore him?

His next pitch was smacked 365 feet off the wall in left-center field for a double.

Much as he hated to move his rheumatism to and fro like this, the Old Philosopher figured it was in the interest of the United States of America, of which he had been a lifelong citizen, for him to trek out to the mound and offer his condolences to the boy.

"Those things happen, lad; settle down."

"That robber! That thief! That pickpocket!"

"Mike Masterson didn't hit it off you—you just dished up a fat pitch. It could happen to anyone."

"But not to me! It was on account of my rhythm bean' broke! On account of my fine edge bean' off!"

"That wasn't his don't either, boy. Throwin' that low one

was your own smart idea. See this fella comin' up? He can strong-back that pelota right outta here. I want for you to put him on."

"No!"

"Now do like I tell you, Gil. Put him on. It'll calm you down, for one, and set up the d.p. for two. Let's get out of this innin' the smart way."

But when the Old Philosopher departed the mound, and Pineapple stepped to the side of the plate to give Gamesh a target for the intentional pass, the rookie sensation growled, "Get back where you belong, you Hawaiian hick."

"But," warned the burly catcher, running halfway to the mound, "he say put him on, Gilly!"

"Don't you worry, Oahu, I'll put him on all right."

"How?"

Gil grinned.

The first pitch was a fastball aimed right at the batter's mandible. In the stands, a woman screamed—"He's a gon-er!" But down went the Aceldama player just in the nick of time.

"That's one!" roared Mike.

The second pitch was a second fastball aimed at the occipital. "My God," the woman screamed, "it killed him!" But miracle of miracles, the batter in the dust was seen to move.

"That's two!" roared Mike, and calling time, proceeded to do some idly up around home plate. Then he turned to the mound to chat awhile. "Ball get away from you?" he asked Gamesh.

Gamesh spun high in the air back over his shoulder, a wad that landed smack in the middle of second base, right between the feet of the Aceldama runner standing on the bag.

"Nope."

"Then, if you don't mind my asking, how do you explain nearly taking this man's head off two times in a row?"

"Ain't you never heard of the intentional pass?"

"Oh no. Oh no, not that way, son," said Mike the Mouth.

"Not in the Big Time, I'm afraid."

"Play!" screamed Gamesh, mocking the umpire's foghorn, and he motioned him back behind the plate where he belonged. "Ump, Masterson, that's what they pay you to do."

"Now listen to me, Gil," said Mike, "if you want to put this man on intentionally, then pitch out to him, in the time-honored manner. But don't make him go down again. We're not barbarians in this league. We're men, trying to get along."

"Speak for yourself, Mouth, I'm me."

The crowd shrieked as at a horror movie when the third pitch left Gil's hand, earmarked for the zygomatic arch. And Mike the Mouth, even before making his call, rushed to kneel beside the man spread across the plate, to touch his wrist and see if he was still alive. Barely, barely.

"That's three!" Mike roared to the stands. And to Gamesh—"And that's it!"

"If that's it?" howled Gamesh. "He ducked, didn't he? He got out of the way, didn't he? You can't give me the thumb—I didn't even *neck* him!"

"Thanks to his own superhuman effort. His pulse is just about beating. It's a wonder he isn't lying there dead."

"Well," answered Gamesh, with a grin, "that's his lookout."

continued



"No, son, no, it is mine."

"Yeah—and what about line drives back at the pitcher? What about them? More pitchers get hit in the head with liners than batters get beamed in the noggin—and do you throw out the guy what hit the line drive? No! Never! And the reason why is because they ain't Gil Gamesh! Because they ain't me!"

"Son," asked Mike the Mouth, grimacing as though in pain, "just what in the world do you think I have against you?"

"I'm too great, that's what!"

Donning his protective mask, Mike the Mouth replied, "We are only human beings, Gamesh, trying to get along. That's the last time I'll remind you."

"Boy, I sure hope so," muttered Gil and then to the batter he called, "All right, bud, let's try to stay up on our feet this time. All that fallin' down in there, people gonna think you're pickled."

With such speed did that fourth pitch travel the 60 feet and six inches to the plate, that the batsman, even had he been Man o' War himself, could still not have moved from its path in time. He never had a chance. Aimed, however, just above the nasal bone, the fastball clipped the bill of his blue and gray Aceldama cap and spun it completely around on his head. Gamesh's idea of a joke, to see the smile he was sporting way down there in that crouch.

"That's no good," thundered Mike, "take your base!"

"If he can," commented Gil, watching the shell-shocked hitter trying to collect himself enough to figure out which way to go, up the third- or the first-base line.

"And you," said Mike softly, "can take off too, son." And here he hooked that gnarled pickle of a thumb into the

air, and announced, "You're out of the game!"

The pitcher's glove went skyward; as though Mike had hit his jackpot, the green eyes began spinning in Gil's head. "No!"

"Yes, oh yes. Or I forfeit this one too. I'll give you to the letter C for Chastised, son. A. B. . ."

"NO!" screamed Gil, but before Mike could bring down the guillotine, Gamesh was into the Greenback dugout, headed straight on to the showers, for that he should be assessed with a *second* loss was more than the 19-year-old immortal could endure.

And thereafter, through that sizzling July and August, and down through September, he behaved himself. No improvement in his disposition, of course, but it wasn't to turn him into Little Boy Blue that General Oakhart had put Mike the Mouth on his tail—it was to make him obedient to the Rules and Regulations, and that Mike did. On his third outing with Mike behind the plate, Gamesh pitched a 19-inning three-hitter, and the only time he was anywhere near being ejected from the game, he restrained himself by sinking his prominent sensors into his glove, rather than into Mike's ear, which was actually closer at that moment to his teeth.

The General was in the stands that day, and immediately after the last out went around to the umpires' dressing room to congratulate his iron-willed arbiter. He found him teetering on a bench before his locker, his blue shirt so soaked with perspiration that it looked as though it would have to be removed from his massive torso by a surgeon. He seemed barely to have strength enough to suck his soda pop up through the straw in the bottle. General Oakhart clapped him on the shoulder—and felt it give beneath him. "Congratulations, Mike. You have done it. You have civilized the boy. Baseball will be eternally grateful."

Mike blinked his eyes to bring the General's face into focus. "No. Not civilized. Never will be. Too great. He's right."

"Speak up, Mike, I can't hear you."

"I said—"

"Sip some soda, Mike. Your voice is a little gone."

He sipped, he sighed, he began to hiccup. "I oop said he's oop too great."

"Meaning what?"

"It's like looking in oop to a steel furnace. It's like being a tiny oop farm oop boy again, when the trans oop con oop tential trans oop goes by. It's like being trampled oop trampled oop under a herd of wild oop oop elephants. After an inning the ball doesn't even look like an oop anymore. Sometimes it seems to be coming in end oop over end oop. And then as an ice oop pick. Or it comes in bent and ee oop long oop and like a boomerang oop. Or it flattens out like an aspirin oop tab oop let. Even his oop change-up oop huses. He throws with every muscle in his body, and yet at oop the end of 19 oop 19 oop innings like today, he is fresh oop as oop a daisy. General, if he gets any faster, I oop don't know if even the best eyes in the business will be able to determine the close oop ones. And close oop ones are all he throws oop."

"You sound tired, Mike."

"I'll oop survive," he said, closing his eyes and swaying.

But the General had to wonder. He might have been looking at a raw young ump up from the minors, worried sick about making a mistake his first game in the Big Time, in-

stead of Mike the Mouth, on the way to his two millionth major league decision.

He had to rap Mike on the shoulder now to rouse him. "I have every confidence in you, Mike. I always have. I always will. I know you won't let the league down. You won't, will you, Michael?"

"Gop."

"Good?"

What a year Gil went on to have (and Mike with him)! Coming into the last game of the year, the rookie had not only tied the record for the most wins in a single season (41), but had broken the record for the most strikeouts (349) set by Rube Waddell in 1904, the record for the most shutouts (16) set by Grover Alexander in 1916, and had only to give up less than six runs to come in below the earned run average of 1.01 set by Outch Leonard the year Gil was born. As for Patriot League records, he had thrown more complete games than any other pitcher in the league's history, had allowed the fewest walks, the fewest hits, and gotten the most strikeouts per nine innings. Any wonder then, that after the rookie's late September no-hitter against Independence (his 40th victory as against the one 9-0 loss), Mike the Mouth fell into some sort of insistent fit in the dressing room from which he could not be roused for nearly 24 hours. He stared like a blind man, he drooled like an idiot. "Stunned," said the doctor, and threw cold water at him. Following the second no-hitter—which came four days after the first—Mike was able to make it just inside the dressing room with his dignity intact, before he began the howling that did not completely subside for the better part of two days and two nights. He did not eat, sleep or drink, just raised his lips to the ceiling and hourly bayed to the other wolves. "Something definitely the matter here," said the doctor. "When the season's over, you better have him checked."

The Greenbacks went into the final day of the year only half a game in front of the Tycoons, whom they were playing. Whichever Tri-City team should win the game, would win the flag. And Gamesh, if he won his 42nd, would have won more games in a season than any other pitcher in history. And of course there was the chance that the 19-year-old kid would pitch his third consecutive no-hitter. . . .

Well, what happened was more incredible even than that. The first 26 Tycoons he faced went down on strikes, 78 strikes in a row. There had not even been a foul tip—either the strike was called, or in desperation the batters swung at the ozone. Then, two out in the ninth and two strikes on the batter (thus was it ever, with Gilbert Gamesh) the left-hander fired into the catcher's mitt what seemed not only to the 62,342 ecstatic fans packed into Greenback Stadium, but to the helpless batter himself—who turned from the plate without a whimper and started back to his home in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—the last pitch of the '33 Patriot League season. Strikeout number 27. Victory number 42. Consecutive no-hitter number three. The most perfect game ever pitched in the major leagues, or conceived of by the mind of man. The Greenbacks had won the pennant, and how! Bang on the Senators and the Giants!

Or so it had seemed, until Mike the Mouth Masterson got word through to the two managers that the final out did not count, because at the moment of the pitch his back had been turned to the plate.

In order for the game to be resumed, tens of thousands of spectators who had poured out onto the field when little Joe Ivirt, the Tycoon batter, had turned away in defeat, had now to be forced back up through the gates into the stands; wisely, General Oukhart had arranged beforehand for the Tri-City mounted constabulary to be at the ready, under the stands, in the event of just such an uprising as this, and so it was that a hundred whinnying horses, drawn up like a cavalry company and charging into the masswarmed for a full 15 minutes, drove the enraged fans from the field. But not even policemen with drawn pistols could force them to take their seats. With arms upraised they roared at Mike the Mouth as though he were their Fuehrer, only it was not their devotion they were promising him.

General Oukhart himself took the microphone and attempted to address the raging mob. "This is General Ooug-lis D. Oukhart, President of the Patriot League. Due to circumstances beyond his control, umpire-in-chief Mike Masterson was unable to make a call on the last pitch because his back was turned to the plate at that moment."

"KILL THE MOUTH! MUROER THE BUM!"

"According to rule 9.4, section c, of the Official—"

"BANISH THE BLINO BASTAROF CUT OFF HIS WHATSIS!"

"—game shall be resumed prior to that pitch. Thank you."

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

In the end it was necessary for the General to step out onto the field of play (as once he had stepped onto the field of battle), followed behind by the Tri-City Symphony Orchestra. By his order, the musicians (more terrified than any army he had ever seen, French, British, American or Hun) assembled for the second time that day in center field, and with two down in the ninth, and two strikes on the batter, proceeded to play the national anthem again.

"O say can you see," sang the General.

Through his teeth, he addressed Mike Masterson, who stood beside him at home plate, with his cap over his chest protector. "What happened?"

Mike said, "I—I saw him."

continued



Agitated as he was, he nonetheless remained at rigid attention, smartly saluting the broad stripes and the bright stars. "Who? When?"

"The one," said Mike.

"The one what?"

"Who I've been looking for. There! Headed for the exit back of the Tyeoon dugout. I recognized him by his ears and the set of his chin," and a sob rose in his throat. "Him. The kidnapper. The masked man who killed my little girl."

"Mike!" snapped the General—"Mike, you were seeing things! You were imagining it!"

"It was him!"

"Mike, that was 35 years ago. You could not recognize a man after all that time, not by his ears, for God's sake!"

"Why not?" Mike wept. "I've seen him every night, in my sleep, since 12 September 1898."

"O say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home—"

"Play ball!" the fans were shouting. "Play the God damn game!"

It had worked. The General had turned 62,342 savages back into baseball fans with the playing of the national anthem! Now—if only he could step in behind the plate and call the last pitch! Or bring the field umpire in to take Mike's place on balls and strikes! But the first was beyond what he was empowered to do under the Rules and Regulations; and the second would forever cast doubt upon the 26 strikeouts already recorded in the history books by Gamesh, and on the 41 victories before that. Indeed, the field umpire had wisely pretended that he had not seen the last Gamesh pitch either, so as not to compromise the greatest umpire in the game by rendering the call himself. What could the General do then but depart the field?

On the pitcher's mound, Gil Gamesh had pulled his cap so low on his brow that he was in shadows to his chin. He had not even removed it for *The Star-Spangled Banner*—as thousands began to realize with a deepening sense of uneasiness and alarm. He had been there on the field since the last pitch thrown to Ivins—except for the 10 minutes when he had been above it, bobbing on a sea of uplifted arms, rolling in the embrace of ten thousand fans. And when the last pack of celebrants had fled before the flying hooves, they had deposited him back on the mound, from whence they had plucked him—and run for their lives. And so there he stood, immobile, his eyes and mouth invisible to one and all! What was he thinking? What was going through Gil's mind?

Serappy Joe Ivins, a little pecking batter, and the best pinch hitter in the country at that time, came up out of the Tyeoon dugout, sporting a little grin as though he had just been rained from the dead, and from the stands came an angry Vesuvian roar.

Down in the Greenback dugout, the Old Philosopher considered going out to the mound to peek under the boy's cap and see what was up. But what could he do about anything anyway? "Whatever happens," he philosophized, "it's going to happen, especially with a prima donna like that one."

"Play!"

Ivins stepped in, twitching his little behind. Gamesh pitched.

It was a curve that would have shamed a ten-year-old boy—or girl, for that matter. While it hung in the clear Sep-

tember light, deciding whether to break a little or not, there was time enough for the catcher to gasp, "Holy aloha!"

And then the baseball was ricocheting around in the tricky right-field corner, to which it had been dispatched at the same height at which it had been struck. A stand-up triple for Ivins.

From the silence in Greenback Stadiums, you would have thought that winter had come and the field lay under three feet of snow. You would have thought that the ballplayers were all down home watching haircuts at the barber shop, or boasting over a beer to the boys in the local saloon. And all 62,342 fans might have been in hibernation with the bears.

Pineapple Tawhaki moved in a daze out to the mound to hand a new ball to Gamesh. Immediately after the game, at the investigation conducted in General Oakhart's office, Tawhaki—weeping profusely—maintained that when he had come out to the mound after the triple Gamesh had hissed at him, "Stay down! Stay low! On your knees, Pineapple, if you know what's good for you!" "So," said Pineapple in his own defense, "I do what he say, sir. That all. I figger Gil want to throw drop-drop. Okay to me. Gil pitch, Pineapple catch. I stay down. Wait for drop-drop. That all, sir, that all in world!" Nonetheless, General Oakhart suspended the Hawaiian for two years—as an "accomplice" to the heinous crime—hoping that he might disappear for good in the interim. Which he did—only instead of heading home to pick pineapples, he wound up a derelict on Tattoo Street, the Skid Row of Tri-City. Well, better he destroy himself with drink than by his presence on a Patriot League diamond keep alive in the nation's memory what came to be characterized by the General as "this deplorable exception to the Patriot League's honorable record."

It was clear from the moment the ball left Gil's hand that it wasn't any drop-drop he'd had in mind to throw. Tawhaki stayed low—even as the pitch took off like something the Wright Brothers had invented. The batter testified at the hearing that it was still picking up speed when it passed him, and scientists interviewed by reporters later that day estimated that at the moment it struck Mike Masterson in the throat, Gamesh's rising fastball was probably traveling between 120 and 130 miles per hour. In his vain attempt to turn from the ball, Mike had caught it just between the face mask and the chest protector, a perfect pitch, if you believed, as the General did, that Masterson's blue bow tie was the bull's-eye for which Gamesh had been aiming.

The calamity-sized black headline **MOUTH DEAD; GIL BANISHED** proved to be premature. To be sure, even before the sun went down, the Patriot League President, with the Commissioner's approval, had expelled the record-breaking rookie sensation from the game of baseball forever. But the indestructible ump rallied from his coma in the early hours of the morning, and though he did not live to tell the tale—he was a mute thereafter—at least he lived.

The fans never forgave the General for banishing their hero. To hear them tell it, a boy destined to be the greatest pitcher of all time had been expelled from the game just for throwing a wild pitch. Rattled by a senile old umpire who had been catching a few Zs back of home plate, the great rookie throws one bad one, and that's it, for life! Oh no, it ain't Oakhart's favorite ump who's to blame for standin' in the way of the damn thing—it's Gil!

continued

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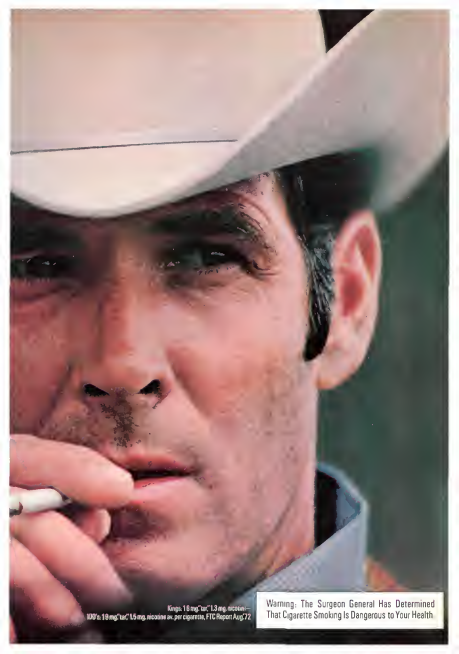
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Nor did the General's favorite ump forgive him either. The very day they had unwashed the bandages and released him from the hospital, Mike Masterson was down at the league office, demanding what he called "justice." Despite the rule forbidding it, he was wearing his blue uniform off the field—in the big pockets once heavy with P. League baseballs, he carried an old rag and a box of chalk; and when he entered the office, he was wearing a blackboard and an easel strapped to his back. Poor Mike had lost not only his voice, but his mind. He wanted Gamesh to be indicted and tried by the Tri-City D.A.'s office for attempted murder.

"Mike, I must say that it comes as a profound shock to me that a man of your wisdom should wish to take vengeance in that way."

STUFF MY WISDOM (wrote Mike the Mouth on the blackboard he had set before the General's desk) **I WANT THAT BOY BEHIND BARS!**

"But this is not like you at all. Besides, the boy has been punished plenty."

SAYS WHO?

"Now use your head, man. He is a brilliant young pitcher—and he will never pitch again."

AND I CAN'T TALK AGAIN! OR EVEN WHISPER! I CAN'T CALL A STRIKE! I CAN'T CALL A BALL! I HAVE BEEN SILENCED FOREVER AT 7!

"And will seeing him in jail give you your voice back, at 7:27?"

NO! NOTHING WILL! IT WON'T BRING MY MARY JANE BACK EITHER! IT WON'T MAKE UP FOR THE SCAR ON MY FOREHEAD OR THE GLASS STILL FLOATING IN MY BACK! IT WON'T MAKE UP (here he had to stop to wipe the board clean with his rag, so that he would have room to proceed) **FOR THE ABUSE I HAVE TAKEN DAY IN AND DAY OUT FOR 50 YEARS!**

"Then what on earth is the use of it?"

JUSTICE!

"Mike, listen to reason—what kind of justice is it that will destroy the reputation of our league?"

STUFF OUR LEAGUE!

"Mike, it would blacken forever the name of baseball."

STUFF BASEBALL!

Here General Oakhart rose in anger—"It is a man who has lost his sense of values entirely, who could write those two words on a blackboard! Put that boy in jail and, I promise you, you will have another Sacco and Vanzetti on your hands. You will make a martyr of Gamesh, and in the process ruin the very thing we all love."

HATE! wrote Mike, **HATE!** And on and on, filling the board with the four-letter word, then rubbing it clean with his rag, then filling it to the edges, again and again. **HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!**

On and on and on.

Fortunately, the crazed Masterson got nowhere with the D.A.—General Oakhart saw to that, as did the owners of the Greenbacks and the Tycoons. All they needed was Gil Gamesh tried for attempted murder, for baseball to be killed for good in that town. Sooner or later, Gamesh would be forgotten, and the Patriot League would go back to normal.

Wishful thinking. Gamesh, behind the wheel of his Packard, and still in his baseball togs, disappeared from sight only



minutes after leaving the postgame investigation in the General's office. To the reporters who clung to the running board, begging him to make a statement about his banishment, about Oakhart, about baseball, about anything, he had but five words to say, one of which could not be printed in the papers: "I'll be back, you—!" and the Packard roared away. But the next morning, on a back road near Binghamton, N.Y., the car was found overturned and burned out—and no rookie sensation to be seen anywhere. Either the charred body had been snatched by ghoulish fans, or he had walked away from the wreck intact.

GIL KILLED? the headlines asked, even as the stories came in from people claiming to have seen Gamesh riding the rails in Indiana, selling apples in Oklahoma City, or waiting in a soup line in L.A. A sign appeared in a saloon in Orlando, Fla., that read **GIL TENDING BAR HERE**, and hanging beside it in the window was a white uniform with a green numeral, 19—purportedly Gil's very own baseball suit. For a day and a night the place did a bang-up business, and then the sallow, sulen, skinny boy who called himself Gil Gamesh took off with the contents of the register, and the uniform he'd brought with him to town in a cardboard suitcase. Within the month, every bar in the South had one of those signs printed up and one of those uniforms, with 19 sewed on it, hanging up beside it in the window for a gag. Outside opera houses, kids scrawled, **GIL SINGING GRAND OPERA HERE TONIGHT**. On trolley cars it was **GIL TAKING TICKETS INSIDE**. On barn doors, on school buildings, in rest rooms around the nation, the broken-hearted and the raffish wrote, **I'LL BE BACK, G.G.** His name, his initials, his number were everywhere.

Adolf Hitler. Franklin Roosevelt. Gil Gamesh. In the winter of '33-'34, men and women and even little children, worried for the future of America, were talking about one or another, if not all three. What was the world coming to? What would befall our embattled country next?

END

Skong at Gstaad, **Teddy Kennedy** and his close friend, **Senator John Tunney** of California, happened to arrive at the funicular railway up to the slopes in the midst of a horde. According to a report in the London *Daily Mail*, Kennedy told an official who he was and asked to be allowed to go to the head of the line. "No exceptions," or words to that effect, a Swiss guard said glacially. "You either queue up, or you stay down." Piqued, the Senators adjourned *à la vie*.

Houston Oiler Quarterback **Dan Pastorini**, who had fairly good statistics last season, now has some others to think about. They belong to actress **Jane Wilkinson**, whom Pastorini will marry on March 18 in Carmel, Calif. The prospective bride, an English actress, measures 46-21-37. Pastorini, 23, met Miss Wilkinson, 32, when she appeared in *Peggy Sue* in Houston last October.

★ The week's biggest winners are celebrating the second devaluation of the dollar? No. This Swiss movement is a five-minute calisthenics break taken daily by workers in a soap works in Guntlingen, Switzerland to prepare them for the arduous times

ahead. It is an experiment that bears watching, maybe by the weak dollar that hasn't shown much muscle for years.

Blaac Starr, enjoying a vacation from her 24-year career as a stripper, was guest of honor at the Charles Town (W. Va.) Race Course on Men's Lib Night. "It's about time men were given equal rights," she declared. "Women have had it their way long enough." To show she meant it, she greeted winning Jockey **Dean Johnson Jr.** aboard, ironically, *Man The Fort* in the *Blaac Starr* Purse for mares and fillies—with a very big kiss. "I really had one on him," she said. "I think I scared him."

Now here's a wedding night story that's going to bowl you over. It seems that after the last rice had been thrown and the bouquet tossed, **Harriet** and **Joe Unser** of Albany, N.Y., gathered together their luggage—two funny-looking little round bags—and went off into the evening to the Sportshaven Bowling Lanes. There Harriet, still in her gown, joined her regular Saturday night team, the Blackfeet, and Joe, still in his tux, joined the Sox. "I only bowled 61, and my average is 141," the new

Mrs. Unser said, "but it was a great day just the same." Why did the Unsers go bowling on their wedding night? "Well," explained Harriet, "I paid all that money for the gown, and I wanted to get some use out of it. And besides, we didn't have anything else to do."

"Any good chicken farmer will tell you never to put all your eggs in one basket," says **Carol Shelby**, explaining why a former chicken farmer and builder of some of the world's hottest cars is now making some of Texas' hottest chili. His Texas Brand Original Chili Preparation is selling well on the West Coast. "I've always liked to cook," the lanky Shelby says. "A friend told me my batch of chili was better than any he could buy and suggested I sell it." A sample warning from the instructions: "The heat will jolt you. The roof of your mouth will corrode, and the tissues of your cheeks will contract like cellophane." As they say in racing, that's cooking.

The Seattle Totems are last in the Western Hockey League and last in the heart of **Mrs. Senie Jacobs**. In fact, they don't rank too high with the whole Totems Booster Club, of which Mrs. Jacobs is an officer. "Just plain slobs is what they were," Mrs. Jacobs says of the Totems' behavior at a buffet dinner the Booster Club laid on for the team. "One Totem was dipping his hands in the fruit salad," she shudders. "I walked over and said, 'Will you please get your hands out of the food?' He reached his hand back into the salad, pulled out a piece of pineapple and stuck it under my nose. We had a centerpiece made out of fruit. They ground the bananas from it into the floor there at the Moose Club." The Totems were described as "pony," "ill-mannered," "drinking excessively" and "the worst thing

I've seen in 25 years." Next big event on the Booster Club's agenda: the annual awards banquet. What do you give to a bunch of people who have everything?

Name of the week, and possibly the season: **Wylie Goggin**, who is in charge of concessions at North Carolina State athletic events.

For the first time, Washington's prestigious Burning Tree Golf Club flew its flag at half-staff for a nonmember: caddy **Alvin Whitehead**. Whitehead, affectionately known as Napoleon, had been popular with VIP members, particularly **Dwight Eisenhower**. Members recalled one occasion when Whitehead was caddying for Eisenhower and, as he often did, had bet his entire caddy fee on "his man." The President three-putted the first hole and lost it. He also three-putted the second hole, losing that one, too. On the third he had a 20-footer but punted only halfway to the cup on his first attempt. That was too much for Napoleon. "Dammit, Mr. President," he shouted, "get 'em up!" Ike sank the next putt.

"All my father and I had in common was our name," said **Marcel Cerdan Jr.**, announcing the end of his unfruitful boxing career. The son of the famous French champion added, "Father could run around in the snow for six miles, naked, without catching anything. But me, the slightest draft and, bang, I'm in bed with a cold. A lot of people would have preferred to see me shining shoes, but I chose boxing because it was the hard way."

Pop singer **Nell Diamond**, a former star fence for New York University, plans to write a ballet for the New York City Ballet Company. Its title: *Fencers*.



"I think of it as a tax break."



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But did I? Not until I'd gotten them all wrong first.

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Hush! Tamecats working

The style is so quiet at Kansas State and the coach's profile so low that the country only now is waking up to the team's loud success

There is nothing rah-rah about us," says Lon Kruger, the playmaking guard at Kansas State in Manhattan where winning basketball games has become an efficient, unemotional and frequently repeated exercise that might just as well take place in a closet for all the national attention it attracts. The Wildcats, belying their name, are as tame as their 47-year-old coach, Jack Hartman, who on a windless day can be heard five yards away. He assiduously rejects the explosive tantrum, the waived towel and the heaved chair that have become so picturesque a part of coaching lately. What he wants is controlled perfection, and what Jack Hartman wants he usually gets.

The 1972-73 Kansas State Tamecats, NCAA tournament bound, are a nicely balanced team with no superstar to attract enemy defenses—or headlines—and no colorful nicknames to inspire a publicity man's turgid prose. On the court they unveil Hartman's highly structured series of set plays and defenses with all the élan of marching soldiers. Even the purple-carpeted locker room at Ahearn Fieldhouse is hushed and antiseptic, like the boardroom of a bank. No inspirational placards tell the tough guys what happens when the going gets sticky or how to regard winning (only thing, man). As Hartman says with a little smile, "What I really believe in are those dull coaching clichés about how you've got to build from a sound defense, how you have to take them one game at a time and think team, team, team."

The time has come to pay attention to what Hartman is achieving in the fastness of his Manhattan retreat. Last week, with a splendid lack of emotion, State chewed up Nebraska 97-70 to clinch its second straight Big Eight Conference title. With a 21-4 record it is safely in the

NCAA's Midwest Regional at Houston, which is not a thing such powers as Southwestern Louisiana or Houston can claim. They have to play each other before one of them joins the Wildcats, Memphis State and South Carolina or Texas Tech.

Were his personality different, Hartman might have achieved some fame of his own over the years. He is the coach who in 1962 took Coffeyville (Kans.) to the national junior college championship with a 32-0 record. He is also the coach whose Southern Illinois Salukis—with Walt Frazier—ran off with the National Invitation Tournament title in New York in 1967. These triumphs brought Hartman, who learned his basketball at Oklahoma A&M (State, today) under Hank Iba, that old master of ball control, a dandy reputation among coaches and resounding anonymity everywhere else.

Kansas State summoned Hartman to Manhattan two years ago to replace Cotton Fitzsimmons, an ebullient, extroverted and successful coach who had been lured away to Phoenix and the NBA. His first season at State was an esthetic and competitive disaster. His teams can score in the upper register occasionally, as Nebraska will now testify, but the 1970-71 gang did not. Instead it lost 15 of 26 games and gave KSU its worst record in 25 years, this exactly one year after Fitzsimmons won the Big Eight crown. While it was true Hartman had inherited an inexperienced team not notably loaded with talent, it was also true that in place of a fast, volatile attack he had installed a staid combination of tight defense, steady ball control and team balance, basketball's equivalent of three yards and a cloud of dust. Fans, alumni and athletic directors will happily tolerate such stodgy goings-on when their team is winning. But losing? Yecch. Let-

ters poured in and the consensus was that Jack was a very dull boy.

At its outset, the 1971-72 season was not much of an improvement. To run the team Hartman was depending on two sophomore guards: Kruger, a Kansas whose 5' 11" height had scared away recruiters by the drove, and Danny Beard, whose forte had been scoring, not playmaking. Deep into the season the Wildcats were a mediocre 3-2 in the conference and 9-8 overall.

Then it happened. Following the eighth loss, 61-60 to Nebraska, Beard began to click as a playmaker and Kruger, doubling his scoring productivity to 14 points per game, as a pointmaker. State was winning. The Wildcats took their next 10 in a row, including nine in the Big Eight and the conference title. The string did not run out until Louisville beat the Wildcats 72-55 in the finals of the NCAA regional.

"It seems such a long time ago that it's hard to remember," says Kruger. "We just became more consistent and that gave us confidence. We were able to open up a little, start using the fast break. First thing we knew we'd won three in a row, then four, then five and we were sweeping along."

The sweep carried through into this season. The Wildcats lost two starters, but their replacements have been dramatic improvements. Steve Mitchell, a senior from Oklahoma City whose 6' 10", 250-pound frame is topped by a fluffy mass of brown hair, has moved into the center spot with such aplomb that pro scouts are beginning to make side trips to Manhattan. To cut it as a pro, Mitchell will have to develop more emotional maturity. Right now he tends to foul excessively and sulk when his play goes off, but he is averaging more than 15 points a game, rebounding well and holding together KSU's zone and man-to-man defenses with his bulk and powerful hands. At one forward is gangling, 6' 9" Larry Williams, a junior from New Mexico who, Hartman claims, could be one of the best players in the country. At the other is 6' 5½" Ernie Kusnyer, a senior from Akron whose scoring (14.2 per game), reliability and free-spirited aggressiveness have made him a particular favorite at home. The capacity crowds of 12,500 at Ahearn Fieldhouse cheer lustily when he comes out at the start of each home game and shout

continued

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Beard, first in a scoring slump, then suffering a shoulder injury, has lost his starting spot at guard to Bob Chapman, a senior from Michigan who bloomed just when everyone had begun to wonder why he was still on the squad. Kruger has taken on the role as team quarterback, briskly setting up plays, looking for the open man and hitting for 12 points a game himself. Bench strength is supplied in abundance by 6' 8½" junior Gene McVey, who fills in ably during the frequent occasions when Mitchell is in foul trouble, sophomore Forward Doug Snider and a nimble 6' 6" freshman forward, Jerry Thruston, a high school all-everything from Owensboro, Ky. It all adds up to balance and depth. Assistant Coach Bob Gottlieb, whose recruiting helped bring Thruston to the KSU campus, thinks the team will get to the NCAA final round.

"What makes Harman such a good coach is the strength of his personality,"

says Gottlieb. "His guys work for him until a play comes off perfectly. At Houston we'll have the strongest discipline and be the best coached."

Harman, sticking to his clichés, mutters something about at least having a chance in the regional. Listen close. He has sprung tournament surprises before.

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

MIDWEST No sooner had Indiana cooled Iowa 80-64 than Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight was at the podium trying to shore up sagging Hawk-eye morale. "This wasn't as much a run-away as it looked," he said. "Hec, they were tied with us a couple of times. This is a rugged team, but it has some guys hurting. Maybe next week they will be healthy and hopefully will give somebody trouble."

The "somebody" is Minnesota (10-2 in

the Big Ten), which plays both Iowa (4-8) and Northwestern (6-11) this week. If Indiana (10-3), which closes out against Purdue at home Saturday, is to have any shot at the league title, Minnesota must lose at least once. "Right now the odds are against us," said Knight. "But it's a tough conference. Anything can happen."

If anything does, one of the most surprised people will be Purdue Coach Fred Schaus, whose team, averaging 191 pounds, lost to Minnesota (212 a man) 79-66. "They are as physical as any college team I've ever seen," he said. "If Minnesota wins our league, it will have an excellent chance in the NCAA tournament. It boards better than UCLA." "We'll be tough," said Minnesota Coach Bill Musselman.

After the Spartans downed Northwestern 86-72, Michigan State Coach Gus Ganakas hit back at critics who questioned his using his son Gary, a 5' 5" guard. "One professor wrote to the newspaper calling it the greatest scandal in the history of MSU," Ganakas said. "Then he demanded a new offense with Mike Robinson as playmaker. The way Mike shoots, and the guy wants him passing." The Big Ten scoring leader, Robinson had 40 against Northwestern.

continued



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For the slip of a tongue, a game was lost. With the score tied in the closing seconds, John Hodak, a Toledo guard, called an official a mildly bad name. The official responded with a harsher sentence, a technical. Greg Boyd sank the shot and DePaul went on to win 67-65. "Hodak said it to the wrong ref," said DePaul Coach Ray Meyer. "He should have said it to the other one and we all would have agreed."

1. MINNESOTA (20-2) 2. MARQUETTE (23-3)

WEST

For an hour last week, Stanford was as big as anybody in the Pacific Eight. Friday night the Cardinals upset USC 50-47, and then 24 hours later went into a disciplined offense that had UCLA down 25-18 at halftime. But the slowdown finally stalled. Unruffled by the crawling action, UCLA patiently chipped away until it had built a 34-31 advantage, ripped off a 12-4 blitz and won 51-45 to run its victory streak to 70.

After losing to Stanford, USC came back to down California 64-53, and in defiance of tradition USC Coach Bob Boyd said, "If there's going to be a team chosen from the Pacific Eight to participate in the NIT, I think we have a chance." Never before has any league team but the champion gone to a postseason basketball tournament.

Even the officials had trouble getting up for NCAA tournament-bound Long Beach State's latest 72-62 victory over Fresno State. "We were sloppy but I can't get mad at the kids," said Coach Jerry Tarkenton. "I didn't get up for the game myself. We played well until we got a 16-3 lead and then we fell apart. I even took my wife and daughter out to dinner, and I never do that before a game." The officials? Well, at one point a Fresno player had to step on a referee's foot before he could get his attention to call a time-out. And another time an official puffed three times before he realized he did not have his whistle in his mouth.

But it was different Saturday when Marquette came in. Tarkenton did not take his family to dinner, Long Beach State all attention and so were the refs. Seven technical fouls were called, including two on Marquette Coach Al McGuire. Down by four at the half, State got 15 points from All-America Ed Ratkoff after intermission and won 76-66.

Dral Roberts closed his season with a 116-79 victory over Pan-American, but Richard Fajus's shot at 3,000 career points fell 16 short. "The record didn't mean that much," he said. Maybe he meant it. Fajus did not even take a shot in the opening seven minutes of the second half. He scored 24.

Form being what it is, the expected four-way tie for the Western Athletic Conference championship instead became three upsets

and a clear-cut title for Arizona State. And ASU won by only two points. Undone by the bottom half of the WAC standings were Brigham Young, Arizona and New Mexico.

At Fort Collins, Colo., Center Ron Kennedy scored on a layup with one second remaining to give Arizona State an 89-87 victory over Colorado State and all the shares of the championship. Earlier in the week the Sun Devils had won their first game ever in 10 trips to Wyoming 80-59.

The biggest surprise was Utah, a winner of only three previous WAC starts and of only seven games overall. The Utes forced 20 turnovers with a full-court press and jolted Brigham Young 86-71. Arizona was undone by Colorado State early in the week 79-72; and Saturday, playing at home, the University of Texas at El Paso took away New Mexico's championship hopes 63-60.

With their team sinking like the Titanic, Nevada at Las Vegas fans, appropriately enough, flooded the court with ice cubes. And so, with 2:25 remaining and Santa Clara leading 74-57, referee Ernie Filiberti blew his whistle and abandoned ship.

5. UCLA (22-2) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (24-2)

SOUTH

"If you believe the story of David and Goliath is a Biblical truth and not a myth, you know anything is possible," LSU Coach Dale Brown told his troops. And so, taking up their slingshots, they went forth to do battle with conference leader Tennessee. Score another win for David, this time 78-74. "The good Lord was on our bench," said Brown. Then, asked a heretic, why didn't he play him? Later in the week, Tennessee was stunned once more, this time 86-74 by Vanderbilt, and the Southeastern Conference finally returned to normal. Kentucky on top. Their early season troubles apparently cured, the Wildcats, who were once 3-3 in the SEC, downed Alabama 111-95 and Auburn 91-79 and led the conference into the final week with a 13-4 record.

Jacksonville closed out a 21-5 season by easing past Georgia Southern 88-75, and not even swollen glands and a sore throat could keep the Dolphins' Butch Taylor from scoring 30. "My throat didn't start bothering me until the second half," said Taylor, "when the game got uninteresting."

For Texas Tech, which wrapped up the Southwest Conference championship, its 64-63 victory over Arkansas was interesting right to the last moment. With 2:23 to play, Tech had an eight-point lead. With eight seconds left, the lead was but one and Arkansas had the ball. Up went a shot. It missed and the rebound fell into the hands of Tech's Bryan Mauck, at 5' 9" the shortest man on the court. "I don't know how much more of this I can stand," said Tech Coach Gerald Myers.

Freshman Fly Williams scored eight points in the final eight minutes to lead Auburn Peay, last year's collar dweller, to the Ohio Valley Conference title with a 75-73 victory over Murray State. Preseason Southern Conference favorite Furman ripped Davidson, the regular-season champion, 99-81 to win the tournament championship and a berth opposite Syracuse in the NCAA Eastern Regional playoffs.

1. N.C. STATE (25-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (23-4)

EAST

Early in January, after losses to Tennessee and Maryland, people were beginning to wonder if Syracuse was as good as it thought it was. "We are," Coach Roy Danforth said then. "I was worried that three tournaments on the road might hurt our record, but not anymore. I don't see any reason why this team shouldn't win at least 18 games." "Twenty," said Mike Lee, a 6' 3" senior forward and big man on offense. Both were wrong. Early in the week the Orangemen downed Rutgers 97-84, and Saturday night played well enough in the first half to overshadow a cool second half and edge George Washington 74-72. That pushed 14th-ranked Syracuse's record to 22-4.

Against George Washington, Syracuse took a 43-34 lead into halftime but could shoot no better than 35% in the second half. George Washington did not do much better. The only points scored by either team in the last 3:44 came on a 25-foot jump shot by Lee, which decaded the game and gave him 22 for the night.

Stragglers St. Joseph's went into a tenacious zone, muffled Temple without a point for seven minutes and gained a 70-60 victory in the Middle Atlantic Conference playoff championship and a berth in the NCAA regional. In the opening round St. Joseph's ripped Gettysburg 92-58, but Guard Mike Moody aggravated a foot injury and may miss tournament play.

La Salle Reserve Steve Baruffi was called on to stop Villanova's Tom Inglesby and did such a good job La Salle romped 101-79. At one stretch Inglesby went 1 for 11. The Villanova ace wound up with 25 points but shot only 8 for 20 from the field. La Salle also got a big game from junior Joe DeCocco, who had 26 points, 17 rebounds and seven assists. "We just couldn't do anything wrong," said DeCocco.

Penn took the Ivy League title by trouncing stumbling Harvard 86-75 and bumbling Dartmouth 74-46. Providence and St. John's, both NCAA at-large selections, played a scorching in Queens, N.Y., the visitors finally winning 93-90 as Ernie DeGregorio scored 41 points. Massachusetts, the Yankee Conference winner, humiliated Fordham 72-59.

1. PROVIDENCE (22-2) 2. ST. JOSEPH'S (23-4)

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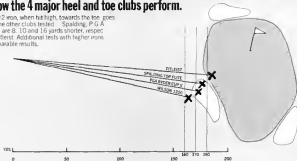


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It wasn't small potatoes in Pocatello

A crowd of 10,480 came to Idaho's Minidome to see America's first full-fledged pro meet and was witness to three world records, the world's goofiest relay and a world-record holder racing some blinking bulbs

According to the laws that dictate such things, new ventures chasing after a piece of the action in professional sport should be prepared for foul-ups, crowds of 543 and wise guys saying, "I told you so." Someone, however, amended the rules for the International Track Association, America's first touring company of professional track and field athletes, whose debut last Saturday night in Pocatello, Idaho was anything but small potatoes.

There were some goofs, of course, and other stuff too slack or slack for the track nut, but the mishaps should be corrected by the time Mike O'Hara, the outfit's entrepreneur, assembles his full cast on the boards in 18 other cities between now and June 6. And as for the out-

rageous spectacle of the sanity track man actually taking money *over* the table, the public will be more offended by *Sesame Street*.

At Pocatello, the public turned out 10,480 strong and it may stir a few poignant memories among the folks who brought you the American Football League to learn that ITA's first gross gate was in excess of \$30,000. Despite a program that ended 45 minutes behind schedule, the public also went home happy, entertained by a good show and the novelty of salaried athletes competing for \$500 to win, \$250 to place, \$100 to show and \$50 for fourth.

Before the meet was over, the first-nights had been treated to three world indoor records (which won't be recog-

nized as anything by any official body, since the contestants were earning a living at the time), two at odd distances and a phenomenal third in the high jump by the least celebrated member of the cast. The crowd appreciated, too, a format that eliminated one annoying aspect of indoor meets—mousing a spectacular effort by watching something else going on simultaneously. ITA isolates each of its events and spotlights individual performers. A shotputter, for instance, is required to wait before making his throw if a vaulter is about to try a height. That innovation, which was further enhanced by a time heat on field events tries (30 seconds for shotputters, 45 for vaulters), may be the best of ITA's improvements, but the Minidome crowd grooved over the use of electronically timed pacer lights fixed to the 220-yard track at 10-yard intervals. The bulbs can be set to blink sequentially with any pace programmed by the timing device. Thus the lights, and two rivals, pushed Lee Evans to a new world record of 1:16.7 in the rarely contested 600 meters, just as Evans had predicted earlier in the week.

"I wanted to help ITA get off to a good start and I wanted the world record," Evans said. "I knew if I stayed ahead of the light, I'd have it." The lights also gave Jim Ryan a deceptive triumph of man over candlepower in a solo 1,500—the fans had not been informed that Ryan's lights were set for 62-second quarters, and they assumed he was running at a world-record pace. Ryan, who was timed in a poky 3:50.3, could be forgiven, though, even ignoring the fact that it was Marty Liquori's job as emcee to keep the crowd abreast of such things. Three days before the meet, Ryan's wife Anne gave birth to twin sons (Andrew Monroe and Nathaniel Charles) in Santa Barbara, and James Ronald had had some sleepless nights.

The biggest money-winner of the meet was little Warren Edmonson, the ex-



EMCEE MARTY LIQUORI INTERVIEWS JIM RYAN FOLLOWING HIS 1,500 WORTH \$500

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UCLA sprinter who took home \$1,100 for covering the 100-meter final in a world-record 10.2. He got \$500 for first, \$500 for breaking the record and \$100 more for tying it in a heat. The indoor 100 also is rarely run, and Edmonson won it when he beat Mel Pender out of the starting blocks. "When you're doing this for \$500," he said, "you've got to be the first one out."

For those who cherish trivia, it should be stated that the first athlete ever to win an ITA check was Tom Von Ruden, who beat Gerry Lindgren in a 4.09.6 mile. The first woman so enriched was Lacey O'Neal, who took the 100 in 11.8 over Barbara Ferrell and Wyomia Tyus Simsbury.

The results of the field events were predictable in all but the high jump and shot. Pig-tailed John Radetich, a team-mate of Dick Fosbury at Oregon State, exceeded his personal best by $2\frac{3}{4}$ " when he won the former with a jump of $7'4\frac{1}{2}"$, bettering the world indoor mark of $7'4\frac{1}{2}"$ set by Valery Brumel in 1961, while Brian Oldfield ($67'5\frac{1}{2}"$) upset Randy Matson ($66'4\frac{1}{2}"$) in the latter. Bob Seagraves, competing for the first time since his dismal encounter with Wolfgang Nording at the Olympics, won by leaping $17'6"$, and Bob Beamon took the long jump with an effort of $26'1\frac{1}{2}"$, his best in almost four years.

For comic relief the ITA staged a couple of 440-yard relays unlikely to be duplicated by the AAU, NCAA or NASCAR. The first matched teams consisting of a high jumper, a long jumper, a female sprinter and a hurdler; in the second they were composed of a shotputter, a vaulter, a hurdler and a sprinter.

"I know pro track is going to work," Evans said at the end of the meet. "We've got the best names."

To augment that selling point, ITA is schooling its athletes in the first principles of show biz. "During introductions," its operations manual reads, "it is important for the athletes to realize that the spectators paid money to come and see them and the more responsive they can be the better. Wave during introductions, smile, turn to all sides of the arena and acknowledge the applause. Europeans are very good about this. They act as if they enjoy the crowd and are having fun. Many USA athletes act glum, as if they are about to be shot the next minute. You are athletes first and to concentrate upon your compe-

tion is certainly important, but keep in mind that we are entertainers also and a bit of 'show biz' will be appreciated by your fans."

"Winners will be spotlighted after the event. All should be prepared to take a victory lap if requested and wave during that time. Let them know you hear the applause and appreciate it. Act happy that you won, don't be embarrassed. There is a bit of ham in all of us."

"Our whole thrust is toward the sports fan," said O'Hara. "If we can educate him, stimulate him and interest him, we think we can make ITA. With money on the line, the pressure for the great record is removed. For the sports fan, the first question is always 'Who won the money?' In pro golf they don't particularly care if the guy who won was 10 under par, so you don't live or die on the basis of great times. I think of it as a trio—the ITA athlete, the ITA management and the sports fan. The way we reach eventual success is to get the sports fan in each city interested in us once a year."

"Competition will be the real selling point," said Ryun. "World records are fine, but it would be ridiculous for us to go out and predict them. The difference between us and the amateur meets is that now you'll see good competition as a matter of course rather than as isolated incidents."

"Nothing we're doing now is Biblical, is engraved on stone tablets," said O'Hara. "We're pioneering. The money so far is not as exciting as we would like it to be, but you've got to start somewhere."

Despite O'Hara's moxie, pro track has a few problems. How well the format goes in a smaller arena than the superbly functional Idaho State showplace remains to be seen, the cast may need upgrading; and the schedule, calling for Friday-Saturday competition, may prove burdensome for distance runners.

Moreover, as Matson said, "To get track fans you're going to have to get some good performances. The track fan won't come out to see us throw 65 or 66 feet when they're throwing 68 and 69 in the amateur meets. The athletes are the ones who must make it go."

That may be a good reason to expect that ITA will go even better in its next meet in Los Angeles on March 24. Kip Keino missed Pocatello, but he will be



JOHN RADETICH AFTER AMAZING JUMP

on hand in L.A. as may Martin McGrady, who would provide a challenge for Evans. O'Hara has also planned a King of the Hill race, in which a celebrity such as Bob Hayes will run against an O.J. Simpson or a Rocky Thompson when the tour reaches Madison Square Garden in June.

Perhaps the best endorsement for ITA comes from a runner who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals by the AAU. "I don't think the idea of not being able to win a gold medal in the Olympics is the thing that has kept guys from turning pro," he said. "Runners really don't think that much about gold medals, but of having a place to run. I don't look at the ITA as the opportunity to make some money. Track's been an art that has stagnated because of its amateur status. The AAU would say, 'Hey, Michelangelo, you're a hell of a sculptor but you can only work at it three hours a day.' In the pros a guy can train eight hours a day if he wants to, and maybe bring the mile record down to 3:45 or something." Now that would make ITA for sure.

END

Once All-Didnip, now All-Obscure

If you're called Lee Davis you should make quite a name for yourself in the South, even if you're as black as the bore of one of General Grant's Napoleons. But, as Lee Davis admits, "I'm not even a household word in Memphis." And it is there that L. Davis, as he is referred to in Memphis Tam box scores to differentiate him from teammates M. Davis and W. Davis, obscurely plies his trade. (Incidentally, having three players with the same name on one team does not constitute an ABA record; early this season Dallas boasted C. Jones, R. Jones, S. Jones and N. Jones. What's more, when S. was traded and N. cut, the Chaps acquired L. Jones.)

But Lee Davis is not just another non-entity. He is the least-known most-talented player in pro ball and one who has, more by hook than crook, the fifth-best field-goal percentage in the ABA.

For four seasons Lee Davis sat on the bench, averaging 10 minutes and 4.4 points a game. In New Orleans, where the Tams franchise originated, his most noteworthy accomplishment was his marriage to local beauty Rebecca Strickland. In Memphis he got into tropical fish to give himself something to do.

Then last Nov. 10, Tam Center Randy Denton broke his hand late in the second quarter in a game against Dallas and the 6'8", 230-pound Davis replaced him. The Chaps are coached by Babe (Magnolia Mouth) McCarthy, who had been the Memphis coach until this season and had predicted that Davis would not be in the ABA when play began.

In the Dallas game Davis, who is known to his teammates as the Geezer, exceeded his lifetime pro average by 22.6 points. He hit on 12 of 17 field-goal at-

tempts and all three of his foul shots for a total of 27 points. Magnolia Mouth said nary a word. Undoubtedly, he figured if he kept quiet Davis would go away or, better yet, revert to what McCarthy believed to be his form.

Instead, Davis poured it on. For the 18 games Denton was out the Geezer averaged 21.4 points. "I always knew I could put the ball in the hole," he said after he got 38 points against Virginia and 36 against Indiana in successive games, "but this is ridiculous."

In a solemn ceremony Forwards Wil Jones and Les (Big Game) Hunter dubbed their teammate Kahead Abdul-Geezer. "You proved that you are a genuinely bad dude, Abdul-Geezer," intoned Jones, "and now you have a genuine bad dude's name."

McCarthy maintained his closed-mouth policy in regard to Davis, but Billy Cunningham, who came to the ABA from the NBA this season, couldn't keep quiet. "This cat can really play," Billy C. told the world and promptly named Davis to his All-Obscure ABA team. The other four members—Guards Jimmy Jones of Utah and Mack Calvin of Carolina and Forwards Rich Jones of Dallas and George McGinnis of Indiana—are established stars, unknown only to insular NBA refugees. "Davis has an unstoppable shot!" raved Cunningham. "A hook that can't be blocked!"

Earlier this season Julius Erving was winding down from another cyclone performance. Memphis had just gone through its predictable fourth-quarter vapors and, after tying the score at 115 all, had been blown off the court by Dr. J. and his colleagues. That is, all except L. Davis, who went 10 for 14 from the floor, 4 for 4 from the foul line, had a game-leading 13 rebounds and blocked three shots—two of them Erving's. "This cat just doesn't miss from anywhere around the key," pronounced Dr. J., who may be the world's leading authority on shooting basketballs.

The night before, the Tams had done another fourth-quarter number, dribbling away a 10-point lead, but they staggered home a winner over the division-leading Utah Stars. Playing out of position at power forward, Davis was barely noticeable on offense. But off the boards and on defense, the Geezer was overwhelming. In the two quarters that Davis guarded the renowned Zelmo Bea-

ty, the Star star had but one basket and few opportunities to rebound. When Davis took a breather, the job fell upon Ruthie Lackey (one of Davis' drolleries that causes ex-Knick Luther Lackey to plead, "Please, please don't do that!") Beatty had a field day, belting Lackey out of position with his elbows.

Nobody elbows with Geezer. A few years ago Pittsburgh's Skeeter Swift cut into the middle, smashed into Davis and fractured his own jaw. Denver's Warren Jabali once ran into Davis and bounced to the floor. And in the Utah game Gerald Govan, an ex-Tam, bumped Davis all night and couldn't make a dent. "I have whips all over my body from the Geezer," growled Govan.

"Where I come from you played football or nothing," says Davis, whose Raleigh, N.C. neighborhood produced NFL defensive linemen Chuck Hinton and John Baker. Davis himself went to North Carolina College on a football and scholastic scholarship. Strength is a dominant trait in his family. Lee's older brother Thummon was a 300-pound college wrestler, and his 19-month-old



TAM DAVIS TOTES DAUGHTER DARNELL

daughter Monika, or Bam-Bam, as she is called by some of the neighbors, walks around the house hefting a tricycle under each arm.

Before he developed his unstoppable hook, Davis' chief function was as the Memphis muscle man. Tam fans even formed a Lee Davis Hatcher Club, which disbanded in disgust when he started putting the ball in the hole.

But his teammates always knew Lee Davis could shoot. Players like Jimmy Jones and Govan, who was a Memphis holdout earlier this season and then compounded his insolence by getting flip with new owner Charles O. Finley "I had never met the new boss," says Govan. "Then from nowhere, long distance, I got these calls and a voice on the other end would say 'Charles O. Finley talking.' Finally, I said, 'Gerald Govan. What's happening, man?'"

Three calls and, man, what happened was that Gerald Govan was gone. But he was not forgotten. This has been the case with most of the Memphis exiles, and there have been many. This season alone there have been 29 player transactions. Players continually pass through the portals of the Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis' home court, become Tams, and usually keep on going to become ex-Tams. Like the legions of ex-Tams before them, they spread the word of the supershooter locked to the Memphis bench.

When asked about his being of no account, Davis replies in mock indignation, "Just wait a darn minute, I made the All-Dixie team" (DNP is the abbreviation for Did Not Play that appears in team statistics.)

"Last year Lee and I teamed and beat the starters time after time," recalls Memphis Guard Johnny Neumann. "I mean whipped them. It was embarrassing. I'd feed Lee and he'd pop in the baskets." If Babe McCarthy was embarrassed, he never gave himself away. Nothing changed, no matter how well Davis performed. As far as the coach was concerned, Davis was too short to play center. One year McCarthy said that the players who had the best training stats would start. The Geezer was outstanding. But when the exhibition season began, he was back on the bench. "Stats don't always reflect a man's contribution," said McCarthy.

After his scoring and rebounding spree, Davis received an Oakland A's

warmup jacket—as, in fact, did everyone on the team. "Gene Tenace gets a \$5,000 name and I get a green jacket," said Davis. He spoke too soon. A few days later Finley added a \$5,000 pay boost.

Abashed, Davis wanted to apologize to Finley in person and thank him for the raise. The opportunity might have presented itself at the Jan. 28 game at Indiana, one of the four Memphis games Finley has attended so far. Davis never got to talk to Finley, but he demonstrated his appreciation by scoring 32 points.

At one point in the season the Tams, who are in last place in the Eastern Division, dropped 80 straight, and in nine of those games they led well into the fourth quarter. After every game, Memphis Coach Bob Bass, an anxious little man with gray hairs, spoke to Finley and reported on the good loss.

"The frustration is unbelievable," says Bass. "What do you do? What can you do?" What he does is to wake up at 4 a.m. and replay the near wits. He also keeps bringing in new talent. "Players disappear and new ones arrive without notice," says one Tam. "Suddenly there they are on planes or in the locker room. Or they are gone just as quietly." So far there has not been any improvement. The constant shifts in personnel have made the team strangers to one another. Talent is not a Memphis problem; playing together is. That and getting the ball in to the Geezer and handling the full-court press. Bass believes Davis is wearing down, unaccustomed as he is to playing. Undeniably, since Denon's return Davis has found it difficult to adjust to facing the basket. "He ain't moving enough," says Bass. "And he doesn't put the ball on the floor well yet."

Neither does Bob Love, and he just scored 49 points against the Milwaukee Bucks," says Tam Guard George Lehmann. "The fault is ours. On a team with better coordination, Lee Davis would be a superstar."

Not long ago the Tams were returning from a road trip. Davis was carrying a plastic bag containing two Giant Zebra Danos, a Silver Shark and a Mono Scat, which he had picked up in San Diego three days before. But his mind was not on his new tropical fish or the team's last good loss. "Can life begin at 27?" mused Davis.

"Abdul-Geezer," Big Game Hunter said. "Bad diades are unusual people. They can go on forever."

END

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It isn't that Jim Crumley has an eye for trouble, although it may seem that way. But trouble certainly has a way of finding Crumley, who wrestles for Oregon State. Take that eye. It is Jim's only one. The other he lost when as a 12-year-old he threw a pitchfork at a bat in the family barn. "The pitchfork hit the ceiling and got me in the eye coming down," he says without a trace of self-consciousness. "It's probably the best thing that ever happened to me. I had always wanted to be a basketball player, but after that I got into wrestling."

After that he got into more trouble. Most of it has stemmed from a recklessness that has made him a crowd pleaser and alternately driven his coaches mad and awed them. This week, if Crumley stays in one piece, he should win the 177-pound title at the NCAA championships. Three times this season he easily defeated last year's titlist, Bill Mardock of Washington. The rub, of course, is that business of remaining whole.

Crumley thinks he has the problem licked. "I've worked on getting over my carelessness," he said recently at lunch, then rose to leave and in quick succession forgot his jacket, dropped his hat and bumped into a chair. "Well," he said, looking on the bright side, "that's better than before. I used to trip over the mat just walking out for a bout. Now at least I can get out there without falling down."

Just barely. Crumley's interest for misadventure goes back to his early childhood. He grew up in Sodaville, only a few miles away from the OSU campus in Corvallis, and did his best to reduce its population, now 125, by at least one. Once, he remembers, he was playing cowboys and Indians with his brother John. "We climbed a pile of logs about 15 feet high," he says. "John pointed his finger at me, shot and then dared me to fall off dead. I fell and broke my collarbone. The next day I had my arm in a sling and my mom caught me trying to do a tightrope act by balancing on the clothesline. We climbed trees a lot. One day I was in an oak cutting down some limbs when my machete hit a knot, bounced back and cut my foot. I got mad, swung at the knot again and back came the machete. Got the foot again. That wasn't bad. Sometimes when a guy was on a limb, somebody cut it off."

Life on the mat has not been very much safer. Two years ago at the Olymp-



An eye on a title

pic training camp Crumley threw an opponent to the mat—and wound up giving himself a concussion. And last September while working out with 190-pound teammate Greg Strobel he heard something tear. Says Crumley: "I thought I had ripped his shirt, but it was my right shoulder."

As a sophomore Crumley tore cartilage in his rib cage and was out half the season, but he took the Pacific 8 title and four straight matches in the NCAAs before losing in the finals 8-6. He had a mangled knee in his junior year, wrestled even less than the year before—and added another Pac 8 crown. In the NCAA semifinals he was injured 11-8 with a minute to go when the crazies got him. He foolishly went for a pin, was caught in a double grapevine and got himself flattened. Later, triply flattened by mononucleosis, a bad ankle and impending fatherhood, he red-shirted for a season.

Now it is a new year and the last time around for Crumley, which, all things considered, might be a hewling.

All season he has competed with that bad right shoulder and twice he has been sacked by the flu. Still, he has won 22 of 23 bouts. He won the 177-pound titles at the Arizona and Washington Invitationals at the season's onset and was given the outstanding wrestler award at both events. "The nicest thing, though, was when the guys gave me the team trophy after the Arizona tournament," Crumley says. "I guess it meant they were glad to have me back."

"I've never taught him anything because he's too creative to tamper with," says Coach Dale Thomas, a man who dotes out praise with the free hand of Oliver Twist's porridge pouter. "About the only thing I've worked with Jim on is that carelessness. He's a good scrambler. He'll throw all kinds of stuff—legs, upper-body moves, a front whizzer, cradles, bar arms. And nobody has any idea what's coming, because he doesn't either. He's uninhibited. This means he can give anybody trouble—and get into trouble with anybody."

As Thomas and everybody else have discovered, telling Crumley to calm down is about as easy as teaching a puppy to sit. The suspicion is, although Crumley denies it, that he does not want to curb his flamboyant style. His specialty is to become so entangled with his opponent that it is almost impossible to tell which limb belongs to whom. But Crumley seems to know, even if his victim doesn't, and suddenly there he is with a twist here, a turn there, an command. When the arms and legs are all sorted out, Crumley is on top.

"I'm trying to change," Crumley says, not too convincingly. "But something happens to me. Like when I met Wes Hines of Oregon a few weeks ago. Wes was my roommate at the Olympic camp, so I knew what he would do and yet I walked right into it. Before I could think, I was down 9-2. It seems the other guy always gets the first takedown on me. But once we're on the mat I feel more confident and can really go to work." He worked Hines over for a 13-11 win.

But there will be a new Jim Crumley in the NCAAs. Jim Crumley says so. His shoulder, he says, has forced him to become a more conservative and careful wrestler. He is watching his weight—he used to go up and down 12 pounds between matches—and staying clear of pitchforks and high places. Now, if he doesn't stumble..... **END**

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The back of his hand to the world

Danny Seemiller—brash and unorthodox—keeps banging away at the little white ball with no doubt that he is a future world champion

The taller of the two boys playing table tennis is by far more interesting to watch simply because he seems so remarkably awkward. His forehand is normal enough, but to hit a backhand he uses the same side of the paddle, rotates his arm 180° and punches rather than strokes the ball. The boy's name is Danny Seemiller and, despite his awkwardness and anonymity, at the U.S. World Team tryouts in Chicago recently he rose from 71st ranking to become the No. 1 player in the country. And he talks like No. 1.

"They said I couldn't win with my unconventional style, but after I wiped them up in Chicago they changed their minds. That's one of the reasons I've dedicated myself to table tennis. To prove I'm right," Seemiller, lute and tall and rosy-cheeked, looking even younger than his 18 years, was back home for a few days in the house in which he had lived all his life in Carnick, a suburb of Pittsburgh. He was rallying with his brother, one of the five Seemiller children and a junior table tennis champion on his own right, in an old shed, remodeled by his father—a salesman—to resemble a clubhouse. There is an unpainted plywood bar in the back of the building. A ribbon of chairs lines the walls, surrounding a jerry-built practice table. Nearby stands a greenhouse in which are planted hundreds of gold and silver medals and trophies that sparkle and blink under the fertilizing rays of the afternoon sun.

"The more conventional players telegraph their backhand," says Seemiller. "Because of the wide motion of their strokes, I know where the ball is going before it gets there. But I can put my crazy punch anywhere."

In Chicago he did just that, astounding almost everybody, including Dai Joon Lee, the current U.S. champion who prior to this season had gone five straight years without losing a match to a U.S. player. After three days Seemiller had lost two matches and won 12 to become the youngest, least experienced and only native-born member—the others being from Korea, Thailand, Poland and Jamaica—of the team that will represent the U.S. in the World Table Tennis Championship in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia next month. "It was hard to take," said Seemiller, grinning across the room at his little brother. "These guys were once my idols, but that's all over. In Chicago I killed them."

In addition to his backhand, the young southpaw has a secret weapon, a special paddle with different rubber on each side—one designed for offensive spins, the other of antispin texture, causing the ball to dive and die. "I hide the paddle under the table before each serve and turn it around so even I don't know which side I'm hitting from. This way there's no way my opponent can know what I'm going to do. The Chinese have a similar technique, a paddle with sides of wood and rubber. But their shots are telegraphed by sound. This design is one step better."

With brown hair falling in thick clumps over his forehead and a smile only slightly marred by a chipped front tooth, the athletic Seemiller—he was a high school quarterback and track star—exudes that special confidence that comes with never having suffered seriously from defeat. "I started playing at a local club when I was 12," he says. "I didn't like people beating me, so I worked hard. After a year I could murder them all."



SEEMILLER SHOWS HIGH-FLYING FORM

Seemiller continued protecting his adolescent honor and, in the process, reached the quarterfinals of the junior championships in England at 15. Hew on the Pennsylvania men's championship a week after returning from London and became the No. 1 junior player in the U.S. a year later. "But even then I was thinking about quitting," he says. "I wasn't as good as I thought I should be. When I got out of high school everybody figured I was through."

But he double-crossed the experts by qualifying in the Eastern eliminations for the world competition late last year. Then Del Sweers, a veteran player and coach, one of few U.S. players to defeat a member of the Chinese team during its visit here, invited Seemiller to his table tennis complex in Grand Rapids. That was to be the key to success for the pupil, but perhaps the beginning of the end for the coach as a contending player. "I used to play only a couple of times a week," says Seemiller, "but up there we worked six hours a day. I never thought I could get so good. If it wasn't for Del, I'd be nothing, and if it wasn't for me, he'd be on the U.S. team. I won one of the five places. He made alternate—No. 6."

continued

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TABLE TENNIS continued

"I'm not too disappointed," says Sweetser. "I don't believe in this system where we send our five best players to compete in world matches. We have to look to the future. The team should be made up of young people who will benefit from the experience of international competition. That's the only way to lay the groundwork for a world championship team. Youngsters like Danny have the potential of getting better, but some of the people we send have already passed their peak." Although Sweetser mentions no names, he was obviously referring in part to Bernie Bukiet, a Polish national from New York who is 54.

Seemiller will spend considerable time prior to the world tournament practicing in Grand Rapids, with periodic thrusts across the country for tournaments and demonstrations. He will be running three miles each day, exercising and lifting weights for muscle tone.

Although he is technically preparing for the world tournament, his immediate challenge is the U.S. Open in Detroit next week. "A player from any country can compete, so even if I lose, it won't affect my ranking," he says. "But I'm not afraid. Dal Joon Lee has been selling equipment rather than training, he's falling apart. And he is too old: he's already 26. Alex Tam, who was 14th in the world before he escaped from China, is the only guy with a chance. My problem is that everybody's going to be psyched up against me. I'm like UCLA in basketball. Everybody tries a little harder to put the No. 1 down."

He speaks with more respect, however, and with the characteristic modesty of the affable underdog when he considers his chances of winning the championship of the world. "It's hard to tell how far we're going to go," he says of the team. "We're not so good as a whole. Our ranking, 28th in the world, is nothing considering all the dinky countries competing."

In the world event the teams play in divisions of 12 based on the results from 1971 (world competition is held every other year). The U.S. is in the C Division, and may well win it.

"My own chances," says Seemiller of the individual world title, "depend on how well I do in the first couple of rounds. There are no divisions in individual competition. They match the best players against the worst, so near the end only

the greats remain. This means there is a chance I might meet someone powerful from China, Yugoslavia or Sweden at the beginning. I could face Bengtsson or Kung in the first round."

He says those names with a hint of his voice and with the reverence of a clergyman extolling the virtues of a favorite saint. To Seemiller, the prospect of standing across the table from Li Ching-kung of China, Yugoslavia or Sweden at the beginning is comparable to having to run around an ear of corn protected by Mean Joe Greene. But he reserves his most lavish praise for world champion Stellan Bengtsson of Sweden. "Bengtsson is 5'5" and 135 pounds of lightning," says Seemiller. "He's got fantastic concentration. He is always intense, completely obsessed, no matter if he's tied at 19-19 or winning 19-1. That's the secret to good table tennis and the key for me. If I can keep calm and remember to take time to talk to myself and plan after each point, then I can win it. As it stands now, I'm not scared of anybody and nobody could beat me easily. If I can keep my concentration I have a chance to beat them all—including Bengtsson."

"About 85% of the competitors in the championship rely on top spin," says Sweetser, "and Danny's style is perfect against that. He stands right at the table and punches the ball back faster than anybody, and he can use the anti-top-spin side of his paddle whenever he likes. I think he is going to surprise a lot of people and come pretty close to taking it all."

Seemiller is affected by the sudden attention and respect he is receiving, and he assumes, perhaps with more authority than deserved, the assuredness of an established star. Yet if table tennis is to become a spectator sport of national popularity, an objective that Tim Hoggan, president of the U.S. Table Tennis Association, and other officials are concentrating on, then Danny Seemiller could be the key.

It seems, at least in this country, that a star must be born before a sport is to flourish. Bobby Fischer and Billie Jean King are prime examples. Seemiller is newsworthy enough, as to looks, as to skill and certainly as to manner, to attract attention to table tennis. "I won't make predictions for 1973," he says. "But by 1975 or at the latest '77, I'll be the world champ."

END



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MARY, MARY



QUITE CONTRARY

It used to be that she could do nothing right. Cooking, gardening, swimming or driving—she was prepared to foud up anything down to earth. But a sky-high proposition was something else

by COLES PHINIZY



CONTINUED



continued

Once she starts rummaging through all the failures of her past, 47-year-old Mary Gaffaney of South Miami, Fla., is almost unstoppable. Like a miser fingering coins, Mary loves to count and recount the many ordinary ways that she has been a flop.

Mary Gaffaney is a mediocre cook of long standing. Bursting with sardonic pride, she says, "After years of work my chicken-noodle soup by Campbell is excellent. Tonight at home I will prepare a seven-course dinner—seven pieces of Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken." In a promotion scheme in Miami, Mary was once named Cook of the Week. When she was interviewed on television, the best advice she could summon for aspiring chefs was "If at first you don't succeed, do not be discouraged." Subsequently when Mary was invited to a gathering of eminent cooks, her mother, Letty Tracy, made a meningue pie for her to take as a credential. Alas, the day of the big get-together was rainy. Before Mary, super-cook, had a chance to impress her peers, somebody misplaced a pair of galoshes on top of her pie.

As a gardener Mary also fast loses heart. The one-story home that she occupies with her husband Charlie, her 84-year-old mother and three dogs, two the size of small moose, is garnished with palms and subtropical shrubbery, but none of it is Mary's doing. "Some day maybe I will get a green thumb," Mary says, reveling in her incompetence, "but as yet I have never planted anything that grew."

Since her grammar school days Mary has not had the time or the desire for ordinary sports. She grew up on the soggy tip of Florida but has no love for water. She swims only well enough to keep from drowning immediately. She gave league bowling a fling for a few months and once scored 198, but is best remembered for her gutter ball.

Mary has been driving a car since 1945 with no ill effects. Still, she maintains she is a hack: after 28 years she cannot get her car into a tight parking spot without laboring at it for 10 minutes. When she first drove an old Ford at the age of 18, she was afraid to turn left across traffic. Instead, she would drive a block beyond and make three consecutive right turns to get on the proper heading. During her driver's test the examiner asked her to turn left across traffic. Mary stalled in midstream. When the examiner told her to park parallel on a street devoid of other vehicles, Mary missed the curb by a car's width. The examiner got out and, after pacing off the distance from the car to the curb, said, "Lady, if you got the nerve to come down here and try to get a license the way you drive, I guess I got enough nerve to let you have one."

Mary's older brother Jack was an academic whiz who usually made dean's list at MIT. Mary was a scholastic dud. As a high-schooler in Allapattah, Fla., she made the National Honor Society, but only, she insists, because she took crib courses. "I never took anything hard like chemistry or physics," she remembers. "I took basic math and

first-year algebra. I took typing, but I can hardly type. I tried Spanish but dropped it. I don't even speak English well."

Mary's many failures on this earth—even as exaggerated by her—are easy to explain. To put it mildly, Mary does not have her two feet on the ground. She is an aviatrix—one of the world's best aerobats—and since her senior high school year her head has been in the clouds.

In the past 26 years Mary has logged nearly 16,500 flying hours. Most of her air time has been spent in an ordinary way—teaching. She is a qualified instructor in propeller craft, helicopters and sailplanes. Since 1953 she has served as co-proprietor, chief instructor, office manager and mother confessor of the Kendall Flying School at the Tamiami Airport on the western edge of Greater Miami. More than 5,000 students have passed through the portals of Mary's school. Nearly 1,500 of them have gone on to get their transport pilot's rating and are now flying prop and jetliners on commercial routes.

Small planes like the Cessnas and Piper Apaches in which Mary now instructs are forgiving creatures. A pilot can be a trifle sloppy in them and get by. Despite this, Mary is stuffily old-fashioned in her belief that a pilot's technique should always be clean and neat, never begging the limits of his craft. Perhaps, as she claims, Mary is not capable of parking an automobile without a lot of backing and filling, but when she flies a plane she is surgically precise.

In the course of teaching safe and sane flying, Mary also has managed to enjoy a whooppy-doozey second life. Her avocation and overriding passion is aerial acrobatics. There are many aviators and aviatrixes with teaching credentials equal to hers, but in the refined and giddy art of aerobatics there is no woman in the world (and very few men) quite as good as Mary.

On the 28th of last July, during the World Aerobatic Championship at Salon-de-Provence in France, Mary Gaffaney climbed into her Pitts Special, a bi-wing plane that is far better stressed and somewhat bigger than a box kite. Since the competition that day allowed her to fly maneuvers of her own choice, on her instrument panel Mary taped the diagrammatic instructions shown at right.

Superficially, the diagram resembles the kind of maze a psychologist might devise to test the skill of a highly talented rat. It is, in fact, a cryptogram of aerobatic maneuvers. As translated by Mary Gaffaney in her little Pitts biplane, the cryptogram becomes a beautiful aerial dance, a catena of exquisite trickery that captivates and confounds—and seemingly defies accepted truths. For brief shining moments during Mary's mad dance in the sky Bernoulli's theorem is forgettable and the immutable laws of Newton are in abeyance. Following the drab diagram on her instrument panel—while traveling 170 miles an hour—Mary hauls her little biplane around a hard vertical corner and shoots straight up into the sky, twisting and catching the sun like a bright salmon rising from the boil of a

cascade. Then she throttles back. Her little Pitts hangs dead still, then falls toward earth, soundlessly, tail first, as planes are not supposed to do. In an instant, floppy-flop, the plane comes around, turns another hard corner and roars away into the next part of the mad dance.

At the world championship Mary completed her aerial maneuvers in slightly less than seven minutes. For nearly 2½ minutes of that time, betwixt loops and figure eights, half loops, humpty-bumps, hammer-heads and tail slides, she was traveling vertically, either up or down, rolling, snapping and spinning. In her whole performance she was in straight and level flight less than two minutes and never more than seven seconds at a time. For nearly half of her horizontal flight she was scorching along upside down.

In two respects aerobatics resembles springboard diving. Both are art forms executed in midair and both depend on the scoring of judges who are usually competent and probably biased. Although the sports have other facets in common beyond these two obvious parallels, they are not much alike. In springboard diving, as in aerobatics, there are recognized maneuvers. A three-meter springboard has 104 basic dives and variations from which to select a repertoire of 12 for a big test like the Olympics. In aerobatics there are more than 300 accepted maneuvers and variations. For example, there are 24 ways to loop a plane. There are plain old inside loops, and then there are outside loops and loops begun inverted. There are round loops and triangular loops and rectangular, hexagonal and octagonal loops.

In a world aerobatic meet there are at least three tests: 1) a known sequence of maneuvers that may be practiced in advance; 2) an unknown sequence that the competitor does not see until 24 hours before he flies it; and 3) a free sequence of the competitor's choice. Whereas a springboard diver can practice his entire repertoire years ahead and then continue practicing right into actual competition, once an international aerobatic meet begins, even on off days,

nobody is allowed to practice anything, known or unknown.

After each dive in a meet, a springboarder has time to collect his wits, curse the judges and consider his next stunt. The known, unknown and free sequences of an aerobatic contest are composed of somewhere between 15 and 30 different tricks. While the terra firma is swirling

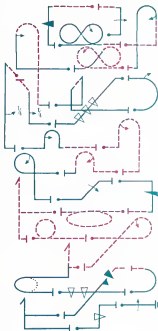
around her in the middle of one trick of a sequence, Mary Gaffaney must start thinking about the next impossibility she is expected to perform. By pulling a dive in too tight, springboarders sometimes strike the board. But no matter how much of their scalp or wits they leave on the plank, no matter how badly they belly whop, there has never been a case of a diver missing the pool. By contrast, an aerobat does his act inside an invisible box in the sky. In international aerobatic meets the box is 1,000 meters long and 800 wide and reaches from 100 to 1,000 meters above ground. While doing her gyrations, Mary Gaffaney must also mind where she is in the sky. If she makes so much as a quarter roll the wrong way to correct for a diagonal wind, she may end up flying offstage and lose points. If she goes under the lower limit of her invisible stage, she is docked severely. If by mistake she ever drops 100 meters out of the bottom of the stage, it is curtains forever.

In the course of an aerial dance, when she turns a hard corner from level to vertical flight, Mary often suffers a gravity loading six times her normal weight—as they say in the trade, she is pulling six positive Gs. When she is pushing vertically up around a hard corner from inverted flight, she is often held into the plane only by strappery against a negative load of four or five

Gs that is pulling her outward. As she alternates quickly from positive to negative Gs and back to positive, her blood is trying to get from her feet into her brain and back to her feet. This sort of push-pull on the human system is not conducive to rational thought.

Because of the peculiar pressures of their art, aerobats often goof in a clutch. In the known sequence in the

continued



Mary's diagram, taped to the intravenous panel, was an aerial road map to flying a championship course.



continued

world meet at Salon-de-Provence last July, the defending champion, Igor Egorov of Russia, became addled and finished a tail slide precisely the wrong way, getting a goose egg from the judges. In the final free program he failed to wind his stopwatch and exceeded the time limit by 20 seconds—an excessive error even without a watch. At the end of the known and unknown sequences in France, Bill Thomas, a 47-year-old rookie American, was in second place. Then, in the middle of the free sequence he designed for himself, Thomas plumb forgot two lines of maneuvers—a half outside loop, a snap roll at 45°, a hump-bump and such as that. He came down out of the sky feeling he had done well and found he had plummeted from second to 30th place. Before he took up aerobatics, Thomas enjoyed himself sedately playing cello in a symphony orchestra in Olean, N.Y. He acknowledges the difference between his old entertainment and his new. As a cellist in Olean he never goofed a symphonic line, but then he was never called upon to perform orchestrally while pulling four Gs upside down.

Although there were separate titles for men and women in the world meet last summer, the sexes competed together. By secret lot for each competitive sequence, men and women drew their order of flight and then flew the same requirements before the same judges (who, as usual, were biased nationally but not sexually). Mary Gaffaney won the women's world title with 17,197.8 points. Out of 47 male competitors from 11 countries, only the high scorer, Charles Hillard, a compatriot from Fort Worth, and three other men—a Russian, an American and a Swiss—did better than Mary. No other woman has scored so high in a world match, and probably none ever will.

The consensus among Mary's past and present peers is that she has succeeded in aerobatics because she works hard at it and, since she is in the flying business, she can afford the game. That is true, but it is a truth only of the moment and insufficient. Mary's success began in the tradition of Horatio Alger when as a schoolgirl she worked for slave wages and could afford almost nothing.

Before and after her junior high school classes and on Saturdays, 13-year-old Mary worked in an Allapattah five & ten, earning \$6.20 for a 31-hour week. Through high school she worked 32 hours a week in a drugstore for \$16. In late 1944—the fall of her senior year—when the training of military fly-boys for World War II was on the wane, the Embury-Riddle School of Aviation in South Miami passed out leaflets inviting boys and girls to learn to fly. Mary gambled nine dollars for half an hour of dual instruction to see what it was like. During her first flight the instructor asked her if she was nervous flying over water, and Mary was. He asked her if steep banks bothered her, and they did. Still, she was a sucker for it. She was seven months getting a license because a half-hour dual or solo was usually all she could afford on her Sundays off from school and work. Lewis Smith, her Embury-Riddle instructor, remembers that at first she was shy on

the ground and timid in the air. "She started slowly," Smith recalls, "but once she got the idea she had it forever."

Among Mary's professed failures on land, the only one relevant to her flying is her command of English. When excited, she uses words the way Niagara Falls uses water. "I have been known to talk for two hours," she admits, "without solving a problem." At times she is at a loss for words, but only because there are few in the dictionary that convey her true feelings about being in the air. To describe a flying experience, she often resorts to polyphonic peeps, burps, chirps, barks and clucking noises. On the second solo flight of her life she tried to stall an old J-3 Cub deliberately to get into a spin. She throttled back too slowly and, because she is only 5' 4", from the rear seat she could not reach the carburetor heat control. The carburetor iced up, the engine quit. "Suddenly beomp-beomp," as Mary retells it, "the propeller stopped. I started picking up air speed with my heart going ditty-ditty-dit. I slowly eased back on the stick and tootpy-tootpy I landed wumphly-wumph in a grass field."

Although profanity is commonplace among aviators, Mary is never profane. In extreme instances of stress, she sometimes exclaims "Sheesh!" In her early days she had a few close calls that rated at least a double "Sheesh!" In her third year of flying, with a lap to go in an air race, Mary thought she was well ahead of everybody. But there was a rival nearby, blanketed by Mary's outside wing. As she turned a pylon, Mary saw the other plane crowding in on her. To avoid a collision, she hauled around so hard she went into a power stall and flipped upside down, 200 feet off the deck. Ground bound at 45°, she got the plane upright and gutfully obeyed the good book. Resisting the temptation to pull back hard on the stick, she gently pushed, hoping at least to get air speed enough so the wheels would strike first. At this point the air show announcer collapsed. Movies of the race show Mary's plane disappearing behind a row of parked cars before it started flying again. "I seldom perspire," Mary says, "but, sheesh, when I landed, my blouse was stuck on me."

To keep flying in those days, Mary took any odd aerial job she could get. She never crop-dusted or fertilized, but early on she gave frost-flying a brief fling. Some 22 years ago Mary tried her first frost flight (the idea is to stir up the air close to the ground) over 20 acres of tomatoes. She went aloft in a Stearman in the last hour of darkness before dawn, since that is usually the coldest part of a day. No one had given her much advice, and Mary presumed that the best way to keep a field defrosted was by flying as low as she could without reducing the tomatoes to a paste. This proved to be her salvation and almost her undoing. No one remembered to tell her there was a power line guarding one end of the 20 acres or that there was an outhouse made of pine trunks solidly planted among the tomatoes. Three times Mary flew under the power line that she did not know about. On her third pass a foot

continued

"Heck I was hitting the ball so bad there for a while, when I asked the caddy what to use he handed me his glasses. Of course, to really play your best, you have to get out on the golf course a lot more than I do. As seldom as I play, I don't even have consistent problems. I guess I'm like a lot of golfers. I seem to have a lot of trouble putting it all together."

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continued

above the tomatoes, sheeesh, she ran smack dab into the outhouse, totalling the Stearman. The impact tore the engine off and flipped the plane. Mary remembers hanging upside down, aching and dazed, smelling gas—then the comforting feeling of going boompty-boompty-boompty as rescuers dragged her across the tomato rows.

By her second year of flying Mary was doing aerial tricks of a simple sort, motivated more by economics than by love. Cross-country flying, the ambition of most new pilots, costs money. Mary turned to aerobatics to get more out of the scant flying time she could afford. This early stunting did not help her get where she is now, but it did teach her to keep her wits. Because the planes she flew aerobically 25 years ago did not have an inverted fuel or oil system, she got used to conking out while flying upside down. Today if her plane busts a crankshaft in the middle of a trick, or gets a vagrant washer in a cylinder, or suffers any of the many ills that aircraft are heir to, it is usually no big deal for Mary. Limping or dead stick, she manages to get down safely.

After high school Mary earned \$66.50 by working 78

hours a week—48 hours in an engineering company and 30 more at night in an ice-cream parlor. Here again, for want of money and time, she was three years getting a commercial air license and an instructor's rating. Although she grew up at a time when Uncle Sam was offering all kinds of benefits to the deserving and to sponging slobbs alike, Mary paid her own way. But she did capitalize indirectly on one benefit of the Federal Government. In 1948 she persuaded five veterans—including the cook and dishwasher of the restaurant near her ice-cream parlor—that they should learn to fly under the G.I. Bill. Then, with five signed-up students in tow, she applied for an instructor's job at Brown's Airport in South Miami and got it.

While instructing, Mary fell into an arty sideline: sky-writing. Because her own smoke signs in the sky were punk, a Stearman owner named Cleon McLendon hired her to try it for \$125 a week. At the outset Mary did no better than McLendon. Pulling around as tight as possible, she could not even complete one letter before part of it was fading away. She succeeded only after a veteran sky-

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writer let her in on the great secret of the art: to hang up letters that last, you have to fly high in very stable air. In her career Mary sometimes wrote quickies like "7-Up" and "Fox Furs," but her big accounts were Hi-C orangeade and L.P. Evans, a used-car dealer. Within a year she was ripping off "L.P. Evans" in exquisite script and could put up 16 Hi-C signs with 50 gallons of smoke oil. Pepsi-Cola had its own team of skywriters. Although they often competed with Mary for sky space over Miami, the rivalry was always cordial. When he was done with his own chores, the Pepsi pilot would help Mary hang up her Hi-C signs. When Mary's job was done, they sometimes used their remaining smoke oil to play a game of tick-tack-toe.

The little old airports where Mary learned to fly and survive are now all gone, victims of urban sprawl. Chapman Field, where she timidly began, is a power plant and public park. Sunny South Airport, where she got her instructor's license, and Brown's Airport, where she first taught, are residential plats. Amelia Earhart Airfield, where she was nearly killed in the air race, is gone, and so is the old Tamiami Airport where her flying school once prospered. Her present base, the new Tamiami Airport, sits far west of town amid fields of pole beans and tomatoes. And to practice aerobatics, Mary moves even farther west, beyond the geometry of road and field, to the edge of the Everglades. "Some of my best flying," she says, "has been seen only by alligators and pygmy rattlesnakes."

On semisubmerged land that Mary and her husband Charlie purchased out on the edge of nowhere, the Gaffanays have built a runway. Originally intended for sailplane instruction, the strip is now used by sky drivers who would rather take their chances landing on a rattle-snake than tangling with a passing jetliner closer to town. Mary and Bill Thomas, the cello player who now teaches aerobatics in Miami, also practice off the strip, checking and critiquing each other.

For small-plane pilots the farmlands and boondocks west of Miami have a

peculiar drawback: quite a few wild species of the area are freeloaders. There has never been a case of an alligator getting on a plane, but lots of lesser creatures do. When Mary's Pitts biplane is on the ground, she puts a plug in the line venting her gas tank and also in the pitot tube of her air-speed indicator. Why? To keep mud-dauber hornets out. While Mary was flying a Stearman six years ago, a snake stuck its head out of the landing wire hole of her lower left wing. The snake seemed to enjoy the slipstream; for more than a minute it pressed its head forward into the blast as dogs are wont to do in an open car. Mary has had small tree frogs get inside the instruments on her panel—God knows how. While she was flying upside down, yawning to relieve ear pressure, a tree frog jumped off the outside of the instrument panel, missing her open mouth by inches, and sailed out into the slipstream. Since Mary was above 2,000 feet at the time, the frog undoubtedly broke all previous frog-jump records. While giving dual instruction in a sailplane, Mary felt something suspiciously like a snake worming around under her slacks on the back of her right leg. Fearful that it might be a pygmy rattler, she reached down and gave it a tentative touch. It was not a snake at all, merely a small rat that ran, hickory-dickory, back down her leg and forward under her student's seat. "A rat just ran under your seat," Mary said. "Do you see it?" Distressed at this news, the student lost precious altitude, and since they were downwind, Mary had to really sweat to get the sailplane safely back to the strip.

If they are not used often enough, classic biplanes built in the tough old way, with wings of wood and fabric, may suffer from invading forces of mice. The wing interior is a lovely nesting place, and the dacron stitching that holds the fabric to the ribs is dandy stuff with which to build a nest. If the wing fabric bulges, it may be only minor structural failure—or it may be mice at work. Although in rural country it is hard to keep mice out of fabric wings, Mary's little Pitts has never been afflicted. She tries to get in one aerobic workout a

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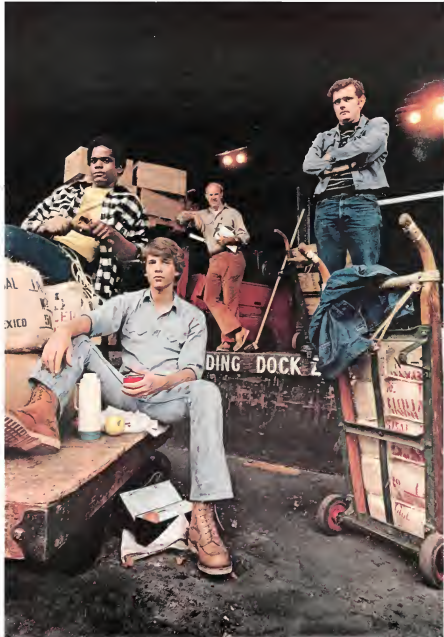


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continued

day, but actually averages about half that. Twenty minutes of snap-rolling, looping, tail-sliding and humpy-bumping every other day does not satisfy Mary, but it is more than enough to discourage mice.

Most games played on a world level are beset by two demons: nationalism and amateurism. Aerobatics has dispelled both, simply by being realistic. In aerobatics chauvinism is an accepted fact. Aerobic judges are every bit as warped nationalistically as those of diving, figure skating and gymnastics. By custom an aerobic judge also anoints the competitors of his own country with high scores, and his scores are thrown out for being too high. When everybody plays the game in the same puerile way, it all evens out. When it comes to the other great bugbear, amateurism, aerobatics is most sensible. In a world meet the high finishers get trophies, and it matters not whether they are paid by their governments or are getting money under the table from Santa Claus. It further matters not if they are paid for endorsing some commercial devil's brand of fuel, so long as they comply with the strictures of the meet. They may be stunt men who earn money doing hairy tricks at air shows, but at the world competition they fly disciplined sequences, cleanly, without oil smoke pouring out to wow the spectators.

The U.S. Aerobic Championship is a similarly disciplined affair. Though tainted slightly by prize money, the nationals are faithful to the origins of the word amateur—a competitor has to love it. The average cash award to the men's champion for the past five years has been about \$1,500—an Indianapolis 500 winner gets that much for drinking a bottle of milk after the race. Considering that the Pitts plane used by almost all top aerobats costs \$21,000 and needs at least \$5,000 in maintenance care annually, aerobatics is definitely a losing game.

In the past seven years, placing second once and winning the women's title five times, Mary Gaffaney has taken home a little over \$4,000. In 1970 there was no other woman in the unlimited class, so Mary was allowed to compete

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continued

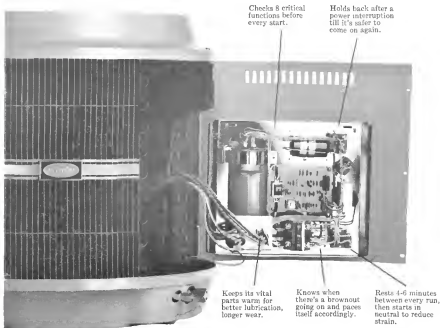
with the men and placed fourth out of 12, gaining \$500 and a trophy. But in the rankings it was decided that Mary could not really compete with the men after all, women's champion or not. As an added indignity, the man who had finished fifth behind her was moved up to fourth.

In the 1972 nationals in Sherman, Texas, again there was no women's competition. Mary tried to get rivals to come, but on short notice two of the ladies she persuaded were informed that they were not capable enough for the maneuvers and the hazards of low-level flight in the unlimited class. This irked Mary. In the middle of the men's competition, standing seventh, she up and quit in what she now considers a justifiable albeit ill-timed protest. Before leaving for home, she posted a notice that her little Pitts was for sale. Chuck Carothers, an aerobatic dentist from Nebraska, bought it for \$15,000. The opinion was put forth that Mary had cut off her nose to spite her face. Back home and cooled off, Mary agreed. She asked Chuck Carothers if she could buy her Pitts back, and he consented. When Mary mailed him a \$100 check as interest for the time she held his money, he returned the check uncashed. Mary now campaigns for the sexes to compete together, but this is not likely to happen because the fathers of the sport feel the move would discourage women. The whole problem is a convoluted one. Suffice it to say, Mary is still dancing in the sky and plans to keep at it for 20 more years.

At the age of 65 Mary intends to give up official competition and restrict herself to air shows, where she can blow smoke and fly low to wow the crowd without worrying about winning. Today at aeronautical affairs where profits go to worthy causes, Mary often flies stunts for little or nothing. At commercial shows she gets \$800 for doing a couple of smoky acts. When travel expenses and maintenance and wear and tear are reckoned in, \$800 is not what it seems. Still, Mary concludes, it is better than the \$6.20 she used to get for a 31-hour week at the five & ten back in Allapattah. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 27-March 4

[illegible]

ABA. Nothing could be finer than the weak, tall Carolina Bull—well, almost. The Cougars showed up Detroit Memphis and New York, but were upset by lowly San Diego. Even so, Carolina advanced to almost comfortable lead over Kentucky, which had a 10-point lead over the Hawks, who, which split four games. New York, injured for the fourth playoff spot in the East, could do no better than 2-2, but that was enough to enlarge the gap over Atlanta Memphis to five games, thanks to an 80-68 season. In the West, Indiana and Detroit were still going strong, with Indiana leading Dallas just three and Detroit two. Memphis was ahead of San Diego, which lost four of five

BOATING—MUSQUITA, skippered by Clark Schrick, won the Southern Ocean Racing Co.-Rennet outwining Ted Turner's 38-foot sloop *Lighthouse* (page 22)

GRAND DUTCH—DKN McCUNE, appt. top seeded Am Midland 246-184 in the \$20,000 Miller High Life Open in Milwaukee with 32 sticks in four first-round games. The \$12,000 first prize puts McCune on top of the PMA money list with \$12,000 for the first.

BOBBY—World welterweight champion HDB: NA-POLETS retained his title against Ernie (Indian Red) Lopez with a knockout in the seventh round of a scheduled 15-round bout in Inglewood, Calif.

FIGURE SKATING—KAREN MAGNUSSEN of Vancouver, British Columbia won gold medals in the compulsory figures and free skating to capture the women's world championships in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. She defeated U.S. champion Janet Lynn, who took two costly spins during her free-skating combination.

In his farewell performance, Czechoslovakia's ONDREJ NEPULA retained the men's world title for the third year. The 21-year-old Nepula, who has been skating competitively for 16 years, said, "This was definitely the last time."

900#—BUDDY ALLIN won the Florida Corn Open in Orlando by eight strokes with a 25-under-par 263, the lowest pro four score of the year.

[illegible]

WBNA. In the last first-place Cleveland held its annual lead despite a 2-1 loss to Ottawa—and a 9-5 facing by the top-five New York. The Rangers' victory over the Crusaders, which Gerry Cheevers with 47 shots. Two Rangers, Gene Probert and Brian Rows, registered hat tricks. New York's solid goal was brief at it, lost, but to Ottawa 2-1, then repeat Cleveland by losing 4-3. Ranger Ron Wood scored his 101st point in the loss to the Crusaders, then becoming the first to pass the 100 mark in the new

league. Looking patchy in its fight for a playoff spot, Philadelphia dropped a pair to Minnesota and Winnipeg 3-0 and 3-1. In the West, Winnipeg continued to dominate, beating Chicago 3-1 and Los Angeles 2-1 in addition to the victory over the Blues. Flanker-coach Bobby Hall picked up four goals for the week.

HORSE RACING—OUR NATIVE (ST.20). Acorn Vantage up, won the \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah by a head over My Gallant.

On opening day of August, ROBYN SMITH became the first woman to win a stakes race, adding to a four-length victory Alfred Vanderbilt's 4-year-old colt North Sea (\$26.20) in the \$27,450 Preakness.

PRO TRACK & FIELD—The projected roar got off to an auspicious start in Pocatello, Idaho (June 8/1), highlighted by JOHN RADETICH'S 7' 4½" high jump, best ever indoors.

equine—GRETCHEN SPRUANCE of Greenville Del won the 4th annual Women's National Open Championship in Cambridge, Mass., defeating second-seeded Margie Edwards 15-10, 15-12, 16-17.

SHARIF KHAN of Toronto defeated Ramer Ramage 17-0, 18-15, 13-15, 15-17 for his fourth consecutive North American professional singles title.

NEWS CHRIS EVERT won her professional debut and \$10,000 and a 6-1, 4-2 victory over Virginia Wade in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (page 28)

JIMMY CONNORS defeated Ryuma's Ike Saw-
telle for the first time 4-6, 6-3, 7-5, 6-3, winning \$10,-
000 in the Coliseum Mall International tournament
in Houston, Va.

WILDERPOTS—GUSTED U.S. Alpine Skiing Program Director WILLY SCHAEFFLER, replaced by NICKY COCHRAN, father of the famous skiing family.

SHOT: World middleweight champion MONZON, three days before he was named Fighter of the Year by the Boxing Writers Association, when his 27-cutter ear-plug allegedly fell from his harness while he was fighting it. Wounded only slightly in the right arm, Monzon is expected to defend his title in May against Emilio Grifflin.

DIED Former basketball coach at Southern Methodist, E. D. (Doc) HAYES, 67, in an auto accident During 30 seasons at SMU (1943-73), Hayes' Mustangs won eight Southwest Conference titles.

Case 101

4. Harmon, Ruth 28, 37—Mutter, Irene J. 28, 39—
John G. Harmon 30—Charles Froman 35—AP 64,
67—Rich. Clasky 68—Lynn Allan 70—Fred
Eglen Starr 71—Walt Blanche 76, 77—
Lillian A. Kelle, Colfax Pharmacy 79—diagram by: Wm
Low, Rochester 94—C. Harold Smith 11

FACES IN THE CROWD

NARON FLENOY, a 5' 10" sixth grader at New Kensington (Pa.) Junior High, set a school single-game record when he scored 31 points in his team's 124-32 win over Deer Lakes. As a starter for New Kensington for three years he has averaged 50.2 points per game.



MARK JOHANSON, a 15-year-old freshman at Belzer Junior High in Indianapolis, won the 177-pound division in the 16-team Marion County freshmen wrestling meet, pinning all four of his opponents. His final win capped a two-year, 31-match unbeaten streak.



AM STAHL, a junior at Ithaca (N.Y.) College, broke his school's career-scoring record with 361 points. He has won 17 straight 200-meter individual medleys and it is his team's best in the breaststroke and backstroke. In 86 starts Stahl has 58 firsts and 22 seconds.



SANDY BEACH of the Albuquerque Track Club won the national AAU cross-country title for girls 9 and under in Long Beach, Calif. Running against 128 others, she finished the mile course in 5:42.8. Since she began competing, she has won five of six such races.



LISA ST. JOHN, 18, of Fall River Mills, Calif., began her third around-the-world trip to water skiing competitions. A four-time national age-group water skiing champion, St. John is also the current Masters slalom champion and defending titleholder in South Africa.



STEVE BURNELL, 16, of Harrison, Ohio, rolled a 300 game along with a 181 and 230 for a 711 series in a Cincinnati junior traveling league. Burnell, who averages 189, had bowled a 300 game in practice, but had never topped 237 in league competition.





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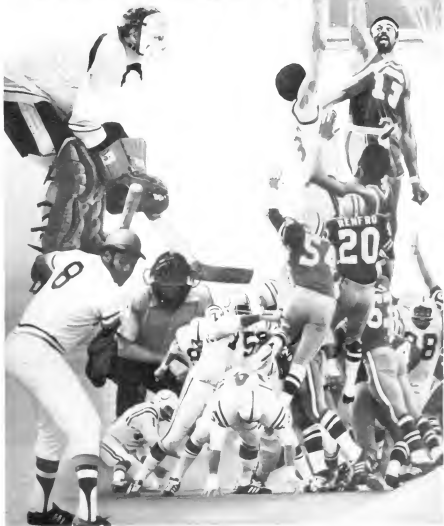
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CENTER ATTRACTIONS

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey mentioned in his article (*All About Center*, Feb. 25) that Flyer General Manager Keith Allen turned down five players for superstar Bobby Clarke. The fact is nothing could get Bobby away from Philadelphia. The Flyers are winning now. Rick MacLeish is scoring, as are Bill Flett and Gary Doehner. Bob Kelly and Dave Schultz are checking, and Doug Favell is stopping rubber consistently. But Bobby Clarke does it all. He is the best center in hockey. So how come Gil Perreault is on your cover?

Philadelphia

MARC FIDLER

Sirs:

I commend you for finally realizing that the Buffalo Sabres are not a third- or fourth-rate team and putting one of our star players, Gil Perreault, on your cover. I attend school in New Hampshire and am continually harassed by Boston fans who think only Doug Reins should be the Bruins. Buffalo will show them, in time.

Durham, N.H.

NANCY SHAWALTER

Sirs:

I was outraged. I don't deny that a flock of young center jockeys has appeared, but Mark Mulvey ignored the Boston Bruins' up-and-coming rookie, Greg Sheppard. Curt Bennett may be an intellectual, but he's not nearly the hockey player that Sheppard is. Also, Punch Imlach's statement that Perreault "is the best center in the game—bar none" is ridiculous. Gil may be a ditherer on offense but he simply does not possess the all-round talents of players like Bobby Clarke, Walt Tkaczuk and Sean Mikita. And none of them compare with Boston's all-time great, Phil Esposito.

Manchester, Mass.

MIKE DYER

Sirs:

While it is true, as Mark Mulvey says, that Buffalo has the best home record in the NHL and Gil Perreault may well be the successor to the greatest of them all, Jean Beliveau (although Jacques Lemaire's 178 goals in fewer than six seasons are not to be taken lightly), certainly the ultimate criterion by which to judge a team's performance is whether it wins. In this regard Montreal has demonstrated that it is the best team, and with its seemingly never-ending supply of young legs pro sport's greatest dynasty seems assured of continuing.

THOMAS G. MCCARTY
Greensboro, N.C.

DOWN TO ESSENTIALS

Sirs:

Kenny Moore's tribute to Ron Clarke (*But Only on Sunday*, Feb. 25) is a fabulous statement of the real essentials of amateur sport. Although only a mediocre runner myself, I often attempt to emulate the ideal qualities of those more proficient in the sport. Ron Clarke now heads my list.

One Sunday morning a few years ago I ran with Ken Moore in a club race around Honolulu's Kapiolani Park. It was not his winning that impressed me, but the love of running that he shares with Clarke. Someday the public will understand that there is much more to distance running than just crossing the finish line. Thank you, Ken.

CHARLIE HATHAWAY

Clinton, N.Y.

Sirs:

I applaud Kenny Moore's story on Ron Clarke. It is unfortunate that this great athlete was more often cited for what he failed to do than for what he achieved. Maybe this fine article will help right the wrong and point the criticism at the critics, for they are the ones who deserve it. Maybe Clarke did not win any Olympic or British Commonwealth Games gold medals, but I would like to see some of his critics attempt the number of races he did and come up with the same percentage of wins.

Malvern, Pa.

BOB HERMANN

Sirs:

Ron Clarke states, "If youngsters are taught that losing is a disgrace, and they're not sure they can win, they will be reluctant to even try. And not trying is the real disgrace."

It takes deep thought to understand the implications of that simple statement. If only parents would instill some of this philosophy in their youngsters instead of the old cliché, "winning is everything."

LEONARD W. WAHLERT

Sacramento, Calif.

REASSESSMENT

Sirs:

In the oh-so-clever lead paragraph of his story on Steve Smith (*He's Raising the Roof*, Feb. 12), Ron Reid gave us the assessment of a pole vaulter: "He is a super-special, technique-mad, slightly ridiculous pseudo-athlete, an oddity for size, speed and stamina and unsuited to sane events."

After seeing how Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren devastated Joe Frazier, Johnny Bench, Elton Hayes, Rod Laver, Jean-Claude Killy, Johnny Unitas, Rod Gilbert, Jim Stefanch and Peter Revson in the Superstars

decaathlon (*You Got To Have a Gimmick*, March 5), I shudder to think what he might have accomplished had he not been a mere pseudo-athlete unsuited to sane events.

JOHN P. WIRTZ

Brooklyn

OGGON

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on the Westminster show (*Doggy Deans in the Garden*, Feb. 26). Dog people are indeed a different and dedicated breed. As a member of that breed, I am pleased to see dog showing being given its proper status as a sport.

SHARON COOK

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

Please inform Robert Boyle that, for the most part, knowledgeable dog people do form the galleries of the best-in-show judgments. This does not mean all will agree on the final decision. Did the Russians really win the Olympic basketball gold medal? Still, my hat's off for an article well done.

GREG SHIVELY

Levittown, Pa.

Sirs:

Westminster is a status show. Come out and cover a Western show and see the difference. Even the dogs smile out here.

SHAWNEE WAYMAN

Salt Lake City

WESTERN HOCKEY

Sirs:

I cannot express in words my delight on reading Dan Levin's excellent article *Wisconsin on the Ice: Hallelujah!* (Feb. 19). As an avid fan of college hockey, I have long awaited the day when SI would acknowledge that the sport exists apart from Boston University. But it was particularly gratifying that you should choose to "break the ice" in Madison, Wis., where hockey is king.

THOMAS P. LODGE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

So Dan Levin wants to talk about college hockey in the WCHA? Fine. But let's forget about Wisconsin's rubber chickens and Mad Dog fans who spit on opponents from section C2. Let's look at the Badgers when they come out to play against a real hockey team.

Last March, Wisconsin needed to gain only a tie in its last two home games against Denver University in order to celebrate both Coach Bob Johnson's birthday and its first WCHA championship. Denver spoiled both celebrations by sweeping the series.

continued



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15TH HOLE *continued*

and claiming its sixth title in 12 years.

This season Denver has again won the WCHA and been ranked No. 1 in the nation. The Pioneers have done this without the advantages of home ice. Indeed, for this year's games against Wisconsin, Denver had to play at "home" in Colorado Springs. Without its own section CC2 Denver split, giving the Pioneers an overall lead of seven wins and four losses against the Badgers.

When Wisconsin's hailaballoo is long over, both Dan Levin and the Badgers will know that rubber chickens don't win championships—but hockey Denver style does.

ROBERT BRINBERG

Denver

Sirs:

I am proud to be a member of the somewhat infamous CC2 section at University of Wisconsin hockey games. However, I am disappointed and offended by Dan Levin's implication that the members of CC2 are former political activists who go to the hockey games only because there are no longer political demonstrations on campus. While Wisconsin has been known for its political activities and some of the group may indeed have some interest in politics, we are all in that section for one reason alone: we love hockey.

MITCH WILSON

Madison, Wis.

UP IN THE VALLEY

Sirs:

It was exhilarating to read the accolades extended to the Memphis State Tigers in your issue of Feb. 26 (*Dr. K, Big Cat and Little Tabby*). Since the article was written, the Tigers have indeed wrapped up the Missouri Valley championship.

One omission should be noted: there was no mention of Bill Laurie, who, in the opinion of some, is the best of them all. One minor correction: Memphis State did not lose the conference title to Louisville in the 1972 playoff; MSU and Louisville were co-champions. The object of the playoff was to decide who would go to the NCAA.

LEON M. STEVENSON

Memphis

Sirs:

I heartily congratulate you for the article on the fine basketball team at Memphis State. We Tiger fans hope to see Larry Finch, Larry Kenon & Co. go far in this year's NCAA tournament. Bring on UCLA!

CHIP NAMIAS

New Haven, Conn.

STORMIN' NORMAN

Sirs,

Many thanks to Barry McDermott for his fine article on the Bulls' Norm Van Lier (*You Can't Keep a Wild Man Down*, Feb.

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

26). Norm is the personification of the handling, unselfish type of basketball that makes the Chicago Bulls an exciting—and winning—team. Even though Van Lier was passed over in the All-Star selections this year, he is No. 1 among Bulls fans. His recognition is long overdue.

MIKE RICHARDS

Winthrop Harbor, Ill.

Sirs:

The Norm Van Lier I remember while an undergrad at St. Francis College was an individual who gave everything 100%. Your article, though accurate, failed to give a complete picture of the man and gentleman behind the player. Norm is one of the most inspiring persons I have ever known. If we all had the motivation and *give or spare* he has, there would be no losers in this country.

Thanks anyway for an enjoyable story on the best player, inch for inch, in basketball.

JIM SELL

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

Berry McDermott's article on Norm Van Lier was a sensitive and honest look at an outspoken athlete battling the pains of court and country. A worthy profile.

JACK MURRAY

Cincinnati

TENNIS, ANYONE?

Sirs:

It was with surprise and enjoyment that I read the article *Tennis or a Royal Setting* in your Feb. 19 edition. For many years Bill Sweetney was the club professional at the Bronville Field Club, of which I was a member during my youth. Through his patience, skill and kindness, I and many other children learned much about tennis and character. Visitors to the Acapulco Princess Hotel will not only be able to stay in what appears to be a tropical Shangri-La, but they will also, if they take some time out to play a little tennis, meet a great teacher and personable individual in Bill Sweetney.

BRIAN HARRIS

Bloomington, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was extremely impressed with Walter Bingham's article and fascinated with how immaculate the courts looked. But it hurts to have all this right in front of me as I do my income tax.

MITCHELL MANN

Van Nuys, Calif.

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